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THE DEMOCRATS: SPOOKED BY ABSTRACTIONS

Robert Sherrill

New Army Mission Snooping on the Home Front

Joseph Hanlon

MADISON, U.S.A.: BOMB CRATER IN THE AMERICAN DREAM

Peter Weiss

THE MANDELSTAMS / ANSELM HOLLO

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LETTERS

consent at Stanford, an exchange

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Peter Stern's description and analysis of events at Stanford this spring ["Stanford's 'Community of Consent,'" *The Nation*, Sept. 7] is bound to provoke controversy and disagreement among those who observed those events closely. As would any account of complex and fast-moving events, Mr. Stern's rendering provides ample opportunity for disputing the accuracy of specific facts or the details of analysis. For example, Mr. Stern is simply wrong when he reports that the 1969 sit-in began on April 8, when "the board failed to meet the demands." The board was not scheduled to meet until April 14, and the report of a faculty-student-administration committee on Stanford Research Institute, which the board was to consider, was not available until the middle of the intervening week. Thus the sit-in began a full six days before any action on the demands could conceivably have been taken. One is entitled to conclude from this sequence that its intent was not to protest but to coerce. My main quarrel with Mr. Stern, however, goes to his central line of argument, namely, that there existed at Stanford something that could be called a "community of consent," and that the university's administration was responsible for breaking it.

Mr. Stern's community of consent apparently consisted of an unspoken agreement to allow students to demonstrate in any nonviolent manner, no matter how disruptive or coercive. The evidence for this is that two sit-ins, in 1968 and 1969, had taken place without intervention. What Mr. Stern does not report is that the 1968 sit-in ended only when the faculty, after a bitter and tumultuous debate, voted by a narrow margin and contrary to the recommendation of its own executive committee and the administration, to concede essentially all of the student demands, including that of amnesty for those who were sitting-in. The 1969 sit-in, which was larger and longer than its predecessor, ended more ambiguously. The substantive results were that classified research was ended, but SRI was sold by the university, rather than retained and redirected as the students had demanded. More to the point, however, substantially no disciplinary action could be taken against those who had closed the laboratory because they would not identify themselves (the celebrated "complicity statement" allegedly signed by 1,500 people had never been seen by anyone who might have been able to act on it), and partly because those faculty who were most willing to make identifications—a sizable number—were least able to recognize the students involved, and those who were best able were least willing.

All of this hardly adds up to a picture of a community united, or even substantially united, on either means or ends. On most questions short of outright violence the divisions were deep and in some cases bitter. This situation explains, I believe, why some students and faculty were so surprised when the police arrived to end the sit-in of April 23. There was no ambiguity in the event itself. (Indeed, the students had posted lookouts around the campus to warn of the police arrival. Some of what Mr. Stern calls "surprise" may be more accurately described as chagrin when the lookouts apparently failed to notice the approach across several miles of campus of two buses and a number of squad cars.) The police captain who addressed the sitters-in at about 5:30 P.M. did not "intimate" that they would be arrested, he *told* them that they would be subject to arrest if they failed to leave. Some simply did not believe what they were plainly told because events of the past two years had produced the expectation that nothing serious would ever happen until destruction and violence had actually begun. . . . The April 23 sit-in had been preceded by three weeks of "trashing" and large-scale night actions between students and police. The administration also had before it examples of escalating violence on other campuses.

(*Continued on page 308*)

EDITORIALS

Cold Comfort

Two days after Attorney General Mitchell was quoted by a reliable reporter (Kandy Stroud of *Women's Wear Daily*) as saying "this country is going so far right you are not even going to recognize it," *The New York Times Magazine* published an arresting and disturbing essay by Philip Green of Smith College called "Can It Happen Here? Is It Already Happening?"

Professor Green opens by deploring the thoughtless, often ignorant, use in this country today of the epithet "Fascist" to vilify those whose words or actions one detests. With a brief but brilliantly evocative history of the two most notorious examples of fascism—those of Hitler and Mussolini—he demonstrates that the United States has neither the conditions nor the apparatus to make plausible the emergence of anything that could rationally be called a Fascist state. He shows further that the goals of the contemporary Left dissidents, often called Fascist by their more bitter critics, are diametrically opposed to those of fascism; and that the radical Right is confronted by no hostile force that is sufficiently powerful to provoke a fully developed Fascist counterattack.

It is on this last point that Professor Green is most alarming. Communism, he points out, was a formidable movement in the dying years of the Weimar Republic; the workers were perfectly aware of their strength and resolved to fight for their interests, in the streets if necessary. In America, by contrast, "The working class is no longer seen as a mortal threat by other social classes; and blacks are too isolated a minority to constitute a believable national menace of the kind that requires a dictatorship to put it down." If that sounds like good news, such is not the author's intention. He continues:

"What we really want to know is whether there are potential victims whose lives might take on a terrifying quality like that which the European Fascists imposed on similarly situated people." One purpose of fascism was to crush a fairly strong, well-organized working class. "To do the same to the poorly organized student, hippie and black Left in America would simply not require the whole centralized police-state, monopoly-party apparatus. All that is required, in fact, is an illiberal national administration, a compliant court system, and a timid, weakened opposition party, that together tolerate (when not actually encouraging) a series of local, *decentralized* police and vigilante terrorisms."

With that, Professor Green rests his case, concluding with the observation that "can it happen here?" is perhaps the wrong question, that what we should ask is "how long has this been going on?"

In referring to contemporary affronts to American principles, *The Nation* has studiously avoided the term "Fascist," not from a reluctance to speak roughly but because we believe the term is counter-effective. It is a universal human trait to soften one's troubles and vices by definition. If you define "real sickness" as cancer, and "real alcoholism" as delirium tremens, then the

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vast majority are hale and prudent. None of the deeds now being perpetrated in the country (examples will be found elsewhere in this editorial section) constitute "real fascism" and none of their agents are "real Fascists." But there is no comfort in that, for the terrible truth is that they have no need to be.

Blindfolding the Senate

On August 10 the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* published a long article by Sen. Stuart Symington under the title "Secrecy Called Security Threat." Senator Symington is in a peculiarly favorable position to discuss the effects of military secrecy on the foreign policy of the United States, and in particular on the relation between the Executive branch and the Congress. He is a former Secretary of the Air Force and the only member of either House who sits on both the Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees. The gist of his article, which is supplemented by Richard Halloran's "Korea's Vietnam Troops Cost the U.S. $1 Billion" (*The New York Times*, September 13), is that the Senate is shamelessly hoodwinked by the Executive branch in order that the latter may carry on foreign wars at its discretion, cover up errors and scandals, and flout the constitutional prerogatives of the Congress. And this goes on regardless of the party in power: President Nixon is no more guilty now than was Lyndon B. Johnson before him.

Symington's indictment covers a broad area, but one example of Executive duplicity must suffice—America's role in Laos. In 1962 Prince Souvanna Phouma was supplied with military equipment on a modest scale to fight the Pathet Lao, but within two years our fighter-bombers were attacking Communist ground targets and troops, and any civilians in the area. When President Johnson, having got nowhere with his bombing of North Vietnam, suspended his destructive efforts there, he simply transferred the operation to northern Laos, in proximity to the Laotian-Chinese border. In 1968 William H. Sullivan, then U.S. Ambassador in Laos and soon thereafter promoted to Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, was asked to tell the Senate Foreign Relations Committee something about these operations. There just weren't any, he said. The CIA's Air America carried some equipment for Laotian aid, but the Royal Laotian Air Force was solely responsible for the fighting. All this time U.S. pilots, flying out of Thailand, were bombing and napalming Laotians in the north, far from the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

Confronted later with this testimony, in which he prevaricated manfully for the Pentagon and his bosses in the State Department and the White House, Sullivan pleaded that he had not been asked direct questions about American air operations in northern Laos. Senator Fulbright observed, "We do not know enough to ask you these questions unless you are willing to volunteer the information. There is no way for us to ask you questions about things we don't know you are doing." The Senate, as well as the American people, have been kept in the dark about what was being done. Nor have the citizens and their legislative representatives any idea of why and where the United States has positioned 7,000 nuclear weapons in Europe alone, nor the political and military

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agreements covering the handling and use of this stupendous arsenal.

The 50,000 South Korean troops now present in South Vietnam, where they shoot up villages *ad libitum,* have been represented by the State Department as an expression of gratitude by the Seoul government for American help in the Korean War. But a secret agreement, drawn up by Winthrop G. Brown, then Ambassador to South Korea and now Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, has provided $1 billion over the past five years for the hiring of these mercenaries.

Another billion poured into Thailand has resulted in various benefits for the Pentagon, including the presence in South Vietnam of 12,000 Thai soldiers whose chief activity is buying merchandise at the PX for resale in the black market. The $36 million for some Philippine military engineers, since withdrawn, is hardly worth mentioning. The big picture is that the United States, together with the Soviet Union the most militarized nation in history, exercises its power with scarcely more responsible control or public information than does the Politburo of the Supreme Soviet.

'I Hold in My Hand'

Sen. William Proxmire and the Department of Transportation's expert on the SST, William Magruder, engaged in a debate on the SST before an estimated audience of 5 million on ABC's *Issues and Answers.* Both men are formidable polemicists, and it is likely that the audience came away better informed than if it had been watching the ball game. The only reason for commenting on the event is that apparently Mr. Magruder engaged in a bit of the deception in government that is becoming the rule rather than the exception.

Owing to well-founded public concern over damage to the environment, Congress recently enacted a law requiring the filing of a report on the environmental effect of federal programs. Mr. Magruder was of course familiar with this provision; he also knows that the SST is enmeshed in a maze of controversy in this very area. Waving some papers before the camera, he said, according to Mr. Proxmire (*Congressional Record,* Senate, S15405, September 15): "Speaking of pollution, I would like to say again we have complied with the Act on the environment, paragraph 102, which was submitted to the chairman. . . . " And again, "We have recently complied with the Environmental Quality Act by issuing the response to paragraph 102."

The audience must have gained the impression that the SST had been cleared of posing threats to the environment or, at the least, that the Department of Transportation had made a plausible showing of compliance. But it had done nothing of the sort. It had submitted a preliminary draft to the Council on Environmental Quality, which the council had returned with a request for reworking, additional information and revisions—in short, the report was rejected. "It is the council's position," says Mr. Proxmire, "that the Department has *not* complied with Section 102 of the Environmental Quality Act" (*italics added*).

So it seems that the Department of Transportation is prepared, like the State Department and the Defense Department, to disseminate what Senate Proxmire refers to as "an outright distortion—an outright lie."

Jails and Courtrooms

In the orthodox political view, getting tough is the solution to the crime problem. If the problem persists, the answer is simple: get still tougher. The absurdity of this technique of dealing with the symptoms, never with the disease, is nowhere more clearly shown than in the present trend toward merging jails and courtrooms. It is only one aspect of the progress of the country toward what President Eisenhower called the "garrison state."

As a result of the Marin County Courthouse killings on August 7, in which a judge, two convicts and a 17-year-old youth lost their lives, the Marin County District Attorney, Bruce Bales, proposes to hold jury trials inside San Quentin prison instead of in a regular courtroom. In fact, on August 25 a Superior Court judge did conduct a series of routine court proceedings inside the prison. However, the District Attorney is not sure that this would be valid in the case of jury trials, so he plans to prosecute someone in this fashion to ascertain whether the procedure is practical and legal. Of course to carry the matter to the appeals level he must first indict someone who is already in San Quentin and then get a conviction.

The defendant, though a convict, will be presumed to be innocent of the current charge till proved guilty, but will not the surroundings and atmosphere of such a trial influence the jury? Will the trial be truly public? Spectators wishing to observe the proceedings—lawyers, witnesses, et al.—will have to be admitted to the prison and allowed to leave when court adjourns.

Other techniques of judicial security are under consideration. One is to arm courtroom bailiffs. The flaw in this proposal is that he who is armed can also be disarmed or, if he retains his weapon and is impelled to use it, he may inadvertently kill or wound anyone in the courtroom. And why not arm the judge? In Alameda County recently an infuriated 19-year-old attacked a judge who was about to commit him to a mental hospital for observation. The judge and the prisoner grappled on the dais until separated by unarmed court attachés. If firearms had been available, a bizarre incident might have turned into a tragedy.

A bill now before the Committee on the Judiciary would make assaults on state and local law-enforcement officers, firemen and judicial officers a federal crime. The sponsor is Sen. Richard S. Schweiker of Pennsylvania, a Republican. The reasoning behind this proposal is obscure. To Republicans, especially, local self-government is the very cornerstone of democracy, yet in any crisis, or what may be construed as a crisis, they cry piteously for federal help. The community is likely to be sufficiently severe when local guardians of the peace are assaulted, but Mr. Schweiker feels that as "a symbol of the Establishment," a justice of the peace, say, should receive federal redress for a punch in the nose or other molestation.

In San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and other locations "special security" measures are in effect to protect courtrooms, offices of prosecuting officers, and

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the like. At the trial of the Panthers in New York, a policeman or court official sits directly behind each of the defendants. Getting into the Hall of Justice at Los Angeles has become almost equivalent to a sight-seeing tour of the war room at the Pentagon. Visitors are frisked, handbags and briefcases are searched, everyone must be prepared to identify himself. One cannot blame the authorities for trying to protect themselves and preserve the decorum of the courtroom, but where will it end? It is but one result of a theory which the Nixon Administration has seized upon as a political issue, that there is really nothing seriously wrong with the country that tough policing will not cure.

An ominous thread of ideology runs through the instances of courtroom turmoil. Even today, one does not look for violence in cases of robbery, fraud, murder which have no overtones of rebellion against the Establishment. Since the threat of an outbreak is typically associated with the political or social views of the defendants, the danger of a drift toward a star-chamber state of mind is the greater. If it is to be stopped, the courts, like our other institutions, must begin to recognize causes, and not merely defend themselves against effects.

Welcome, General

If he thinks it serves his cause, we see no reason why Vice President Ky should not appear at the base of the Washington Monument and exhort us to win him a victory in Vietnam. Clifford Peterson, spokesman for Dr. Carl McIntire, the right-wing preacher and radio hatemonger who will be General Ky's host at the October 3 March for Victory, gave the cogent arguments for the visit in response to questions by a *New York Post* reporter. Ky, he said, "is much like our Spiro Agnew." Also, "since we're so deeply involved over there, we should be in closer contact."

Agreed. Since American leaders have been meddling in the affairs of Vietnam these many, pitiful years, it is only just that Saigon's second ranking official should now come over here and meddle a bit in ours. And this "closer contact" may be mutually instructive. Knowing the intellectual level on which Dr. McIntire habitually operates, one may assume that he is producing Ky to "stir up the animals." But the vice president, for all that he may resemble "our Spiro Agnew" in his contempt for dissent, is in many ways a subtle, almost sinuous man. When he stands up there on the platform, and hears the animals roar for blood, he may at last understand why responsible public opinion is sick at heart over the moral devastation that Vietnam has wrought on this country. He may come to see that no administration, however hawkish and primitively anti-Communist, can let this go on, that "withdrawal" is not just a phrase but a policy.

And on this side, the hard-hat minds, who would honor America by devastating Asia, may be taken aback by the spectacle of this dapper little ex-pilot telling America's mobocracy to send more cannon fodder for his aid, comfort and continuing safety. Let them take a close look at the man who is so supremely confident of his hold upon President Nixon that he dares come here despite every desperate diplomatic effort to keep him at home.

But let us all look and listen—and not interrupt. It would be a basic mistake to offer any impediment to General Ky's appearance, and those who share our opinion of him should not stream into Washington with obstruction as their goal. That is so because if they create a ruckus, the full effect of his presence will be blurred by domestic controversy. For all his veneer of elegance and sophistication, Ky is a rather raw man who, gvien enough scope, can be counted upon to blunder. He has a weakness for such things as declaring his admiration for Adolf Hitler, and he is self-deluded by an arrogance that does not sit well with Americans, particularly when it comes from someone on their payroll.

It is true that General Ky may embarrass the Administration by lending the presence of his uniform to Dr. McIntire's paranoid parade, but administrations have been suffering red faces from Ky for a long time, and it is only right that the country at large should be made to share the sensation. A hearty welcome to our war buddy, the general from Saigon.

'RESPONSIBILITY' FOR ASIA

PASSING THE BUCK TO TOKYO

ALBERT AXELBANK

Mr. Axelbank has contributed to leading newspapers and magazines in America, Japan and Europe. His Soul of Gobi *is the product of a recent visit to the Mongolian People's Republic.*

Tokyo

The U.S. State Department and the Pentagon are convinced that Japan is now strong enough to take over some of the less flammable "responsibilities of American power" in Asia. Japan has demonstrated an ability to do so and is preparing for an expanded role in Asian security. I so conclude from personal investigations, plus a careful reading of official statements and interviews with American authorities in the first half of 1970.

This will mean in practice that the United States and Japan will exert complementary power to carry out a joint Asian policy. At first, America will provide the military power, Japan the economic. It will be a one-two punch, a continuing and mighty attempt to stop the spread of communism across more of East Asia. Gradually, Japan will take over more functions from the Americans.

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This joint strategy, to be increasingly shouldered by Tokyo, means that the present split in Korea, the Taipei-Peking impasse, and what may be called the "permanent flux" in Indochina, are to be regarded as static arrangements for the 1970s, and probably to be extended into the 1980s. Such being the case, it is natural that America wishes the Japanese nation to forsake any hope for a change in the *status quo* in East Asia; and to make, on the contrary, a determined drive to preserve it. Yet to preserve the existing order in the region means that Japan must involve itself much more intimately as a leader in a regional collective security system. At present, no more than fledgling interrelations exist, with Washington's backing and blessing. But only a regional power, it is said, and only one with superpower status—which Japan now has or soon will have —can effectively lead and defend the anti-Communist regimes.

Furthermore, all hope for a solution to the "China problem" in the 1970s must be postponed, for by 1975, it is officially anticipated, the expanded system of regional security in the Far East will be operating full-blast, with Japan as the fulcrum. This is the goal of military men in most of the countries of non-Communist Asia.

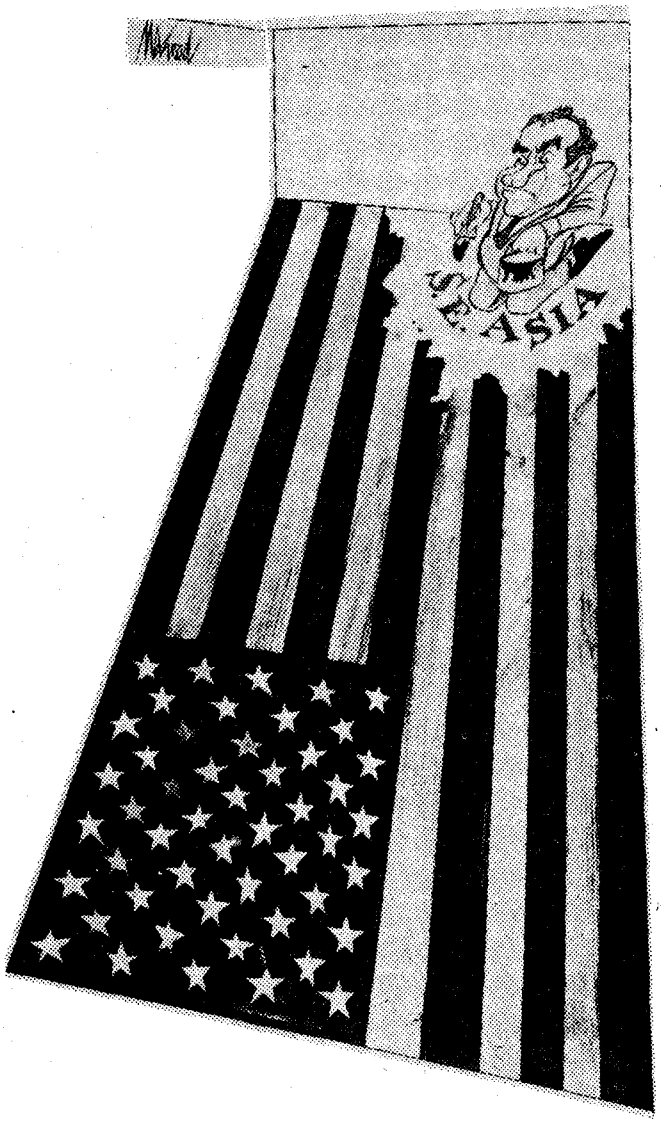
Actually this goal already exists in blueprint: Japan's secret "Three Arrows," "Flying Dragon" and "Bull Run" military contingency plans (all drawn up by U.S. military men and their Japanese counterparts) define in detail Nippon's extraterritorial role in wartime emergencies. China is the chief bogyman in all three plans.

As a result of this strengthened leadership, Japan will soon find itself in bolder confrontation than ever before with mainland China. Indeed, it may be said that the price Japan must pay for "regional anti-Communist security" will be enduring hostility from Peking, a state of unabated tension in the Far East. It is now evident that the prosperous survival of Taiwan and South Korea as political and military strongholds against communism demands uninterrupted confrontation.

Those few Japanese political leaders who are working assiduously for improved ties with China will be deeply disappointed. So will businessmen who stand to lose contracts. It would be far easier to solve the "China problem" right now than it will be at any time in the future, because channels for face-to-face talks are still open, and friendly outsiders are still able to meet and talk freely with Peking's leaders.

Even Shojiro Kawashima, the vice president of Japan's ruling pro-American liberal-democratic party, called Premier Chou En-lai a "flexible man" when he spoke with him a few years ago in Jakarta. One can come to terms with a flexible man; after the present leadership in China fades away, it will most likely be superseded by die-hard youths who may not budge an inch on points of difference. But, as is sometimes frankly admitted these days by leaders in Japan and elsewhere in non-Communist Asia, the "enemy" is ideologically superior to most of the surrounding nations, whose citizens are "weak toward communism." Thus to shake hands now with the "enemy" would be fatal.

Will the Japanese people permit their nation to take over leadership of a regional anti-Communist security system to which Japan would ultimately provide weapons, and even military forces, in addition to political guidance? The Japanese still have "allergies"—against military forces, against sending military forces abroad, against nuclear weapons, etc.—and they will have to be overcome before Japan can undertake its expanded vigorous role. Those in authority say optimistically that it can be done.



Mahood, Punch

The World Anti-Communist League, a private group, met last month in Tokyo and Sen. Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.) spoke at its closing session. He called on Japan to "undertake a greater proportion of the leadership necessary to the defense" of non-Communist Asia, and said he was not worried that this might revive militarism in the country.

I foresee that in the latter half of this decade, Japanese defense force personnel will be dispatched to South Korea, in some kind of training and/or peacekeeping role. The political "excuse" for the move will be that Japanese token forces are required for security reasons, but will serve only under "United Nations auspices" and will never be used except as a rear guard in the event that North Korea invades the South.

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Inasmuch as U.S. forces are to be reduced in Korea, and since the Japanese Government now officially and frequently states that the 38th Parallel is "crucial" to Japan's security, it follows that the departure of the Americans implies the arrival of the Japanese. Otherwise, it could be said, Japanese assertions that South Korea is vital to Japan's security are meaningless.

The above, full-scale entry by Japan into Asian power politics, no matter how deeply it saddens many Japanese, must follow logically from policies toward China taken by Washington and Tokyo, together or singly. America's current evaluation of China assumes a long-term Sino-American hostility. (Even Japan's Eisaku Sato, before he became Premier, hinted that the "China problem" would not be solved "in our lifetimes.")

A U.S. newsman quoted President Nixon as saying to him privately in July: "I hope for ties with Peking as soon as possible." To which the Chinese might well quote Confucius in reply: "Never trust a person's words until you see that person's conduct." Despite this and other such reports to the contrary, America's attitude toward Peking has hardened of late.

While Secretary of State Rogers was in Japan in July, Secretary of Defense Laird was telling the Congress and the American public that Peking would, some time in the future, aim its nuclear missiles at the East and West coasts of America, not at the protected heartland. Therefore, the United States needed an ABM system against China, even though China could not possibly be equipped to strike, say, California, or New York, until the 1980s. The "threat of China" is an enduring block to improved ties between the two nations.

Washington's present China policy appears to be a departure from that of the Johnson administration. Secretary of State Rusk said on March 16, 1966: "We must avoid assuming the existence of an unending and inevitable state of hostility between ourselves and the rulers of mainland China." Also: "There is no fatal inevitability of war with Communist China." Also: "The Chinese have . . . acted with caution when they foresaw a collision with the United States."

The existence of a belligerent China, armed with nuclear weapons, is increasingly given as the reason for building up a stronger, Japan-centered, anti-Communist regional security system. Since America is having dollar and other basic problems, it is now telling Japan to rearm faster and take over additional responsibilities. Japan cannot comply overnight, but compliance is only a matter of time, and any crises in the Far East serve to speed the day.

For if China is a "threat" to America, it must also threaten Japan, America's bosom friend, partner and ally. Thus Tokyo's present policy of close alignment with America and its placing of Taiwan and South Korea in its own security net, makes a Tokyo-Peking showdown inevitable. And, in cold practice, a confrontation with China is a prerequisite for Japanese rearmament.

The State Department knows that and offers felicitations. Secretary Rogers, in an interview in Tokyo on July 9, said it was "inevitable" that Japan should play an important role economically, politically and militarily in Asia's future. The United States "welcomes" this new role for Japan, he said. Presumably, the Japanese should be grateful. □

Democrats: Spooked by Abstractions

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

Judging from the problems that afflict the Democrats at the moment, one might justifiably argue that the real radical is he who refuses to desert to a comforting schism where all agree, but instead sticks with the party and tries to stuff something into its philosophical vacuum and cure its schizophrenia. That would be a task radical enough for anyone.

Not that the Democrats—who have occupied the White House twenty-eight of the past thirty-eight years and controlled Congress thirty-six of the past forty years—appear to be dying. On the contrary, Gallup polls in August showed that more voters consider the Democrats better able to handle the nation's problems than feel that way about the Republicans.

Nor does the party suffer from a lack of bright candidacy material for 1972. It is hard to imagine what measuring rod Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was using when he said that none of the present contenders for the Democratic Presidential nomination could topple Nixon. When one considers that in 1960 the Democrats seriously considered a flyweight like Symington and a strictly six-rounder like Johnson, and settled on a lightweight like Kennedy—any of the present crop of contenders appears to be capable of pulling it off.

Nevertheless, the party's fundamental problem remains—that in order to look good it must be placed up beside the GOP. It evokes loyalty and enthusiasm only in the context of an either-or poll. The shame of the Democratic Party is that it has allowed things to rock along to the point where 39 per cent of the people polled by Gallup felt it really made "no difference" which party was in power. Sen. Birch Bayh's diagnosis of how the Democrats can get well—"through the passage of time and the bungles of the Nixon crowd"—perfectly illustrates the Democratic mind. The strategy is not to rise but merely to let the Republicans sink.

That attack does not tend to make citizens wildly partisan. The Democratic National Committee's television spots soliciting campaign contributions did not even pay for themselves. As for voter participation, Richard Harwood of *The Washington Post* noted recently, "In New York this year the forces of Manhattan and Albany lavished money, energy, passion and the subliminal re-

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sources of Madison Avenue on a Democratic primary election. For weeks, *The New York Times* devoted three or four columns of precious space each day to describe what was happening. Television brought it into the living rooms of 19 million New Yorkers every night and most mornings, too. On June 23, the election was held and the media and the politicians made a fascinating discovery: three out of four New York Democrats hadn't bothered to vote."

Tacitly conceding their ineptness in dealing with many of the major problems, almost every top Democrat, either professional politician or professional strategist, talks openly and helplessly (and sometimes it almost seems hopefully) of the likelihood that a fourth party will be formed somewhere on the left, a counter-drain to the third party of Wallace on the right. "Whenever I travel to colleges today," Edward Kennedy says, "I see the small-craft warnings that the two-party system is in trouble, and that the trouble is getting worse. The shift of American youth away from the existing parties and toward an independent splintered status is a challenge that threatens not only the future of both our parties but also the future of our nation."

Not long ago Fred Dutton—one of the few idealists in John Kennedy's inner circle, which is why he was one of the few who carried over into Robert Kennedy's inner circle—got to musing with *The Nation* on this point. "The Democrats are confronted with the problem of a McCarthy or a Lindsay or somebody else out there on the flank with the possibility of a fourth party," he said, "which I think is more and more not just a possibility but getting very close to the stage of a probability. I think you'll see all kinds of things surfacing after November this year on that. People will be maneuvering. I can even see 1971 as being much more exciting than anybody has thought possible, in terms of Lindsay or McCarthy or others trying to set up organizational enclaves, trying to get on the ballot, etc.

"I seriously question whether the fourth party would stand a chance in 1972. But if Lindsay, let's say—whom I've neither been for or against; I knew him when he was in the House and was not that impressed with him; maybe he's grown since—he might catch fire through the media. Television could surprise us. My dabbling in California politics this year convinced me that the impact of TV which we've been talking about for ten years is just really catching on now. The lessening of the importance of the print media, the shifting of power influence from the newspapers to television is so profound that I think a Lindsay or a Candidate X could catch on and do something big even as early as 1972.

"I see an analogy of the fourth party's position today to the Republicans getting started in 1854, running Fremont in 1856, and not really coming to power until Lincoln in a freak situation in 1860. Sometime in the future, yes, a fourth party. The two regular parties, having demonstrated their lack of vitality, are concerned. What's going on in the state legislatures right now hasn't been adequately covered in the press; that is, after Wallace made his bid in 1968, the legislatures in the various states —California is one specific example I know of—moved swiftly to try to make it more difficult to start a fourth party—requiring more signatures, more this, more that. My suspicion is that what the legislatures are doing the federal courts will throw out.

"Give the devil his due, I think George Wallace did great things in 1968 in terms of getting on the ballot, making the election codes in various states responsive to the constitutional provision for really fundamentally changing our political system, for changing the parties, etc. I think Wallace really pioneered in efforts along this line that the fourth party, the future-oriented party could perfect."

That is not, by a long shot, just one man's opinion. It has become standard talk for one element of the Democratic Party all over the country. Partly from various local frustrations, partly as a result of poor press connections between Washington and the hinterland, partly from an indefinable national restlessness, fourth-partyism is sometimes swathed in many layers of wacky emotionalism. Not long ago Stephen Schlesinger invited members of the temporary steering committee of the New Democratic Coalition to comment in a symposium on the question: Should we have a fourth party, or can the Democratic Party be reformed by 1972?

One of the responses came from Ronnie Dugger, publisher of *The Texas Observer*. He urged "a serious challenge from a new political party or an independent movement [within the party], or both, because nothing else has the catalytic power to push the national Democrats into serious consideration of our basic economic system." In saying that much, the tone is cool. His extension of the thought, however, shows what the Democratic Party is up against from some of the unhappy ones. "In a free and relevant political dialogue, we would be discussing and debating, not only the nowadays *quite safe* [my emphasis] subjects of race, inflation, the environment and Vietnam but also the social management of AT&T, nationalization of the passenger-hating railroads, a continental water system that could make possible the revival of small farms and farming-family cooperatives, a federal credit pool to provide money at 2 per cent or 3 per cent for home loans. All such subjects are now 'off limits' to leading politicians, and this is exactly what is wrong with the country and most particularly with the Democratic Party."

Like many in the fourth party movement, Dugger is afflicted with a strange standard of what is politically safe. The "nowadays quite safe subjects of race . . . and Vietnam" were, as he should know best, the very subjects which knocked off moderate Democrat Ralph Yarborough in Texas this year and may knock off moderate Albert Gore in Tennessee. That valiant peacenik Vance Hartke, running for his life in Indiana, would probably also be surprised to learn that Vietnam is a safe subject.

Dugger and the many who agree with him are of course correct that the Democratic leadership is hesitant to raise bold ideas and debate them in a muscular way, but it is not quite as timid as Dugger alleges. A national insurance program—health, not life—is again being pushed seriously in the Senate. The disappearance of the family farmer is not a matter to which the Democrats are totally indifferent; a plan to extend more credit to the smaller farmer, if not the smallest, enabling him to become more

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competitive, passed the House Agriculture Committee this year (which means of course, that the plan can't be all good). There exist already several—admittedly inadequate—low-interest housing programs, including, I am told, one passed under LBJ that gives loans for as little as 1 per cent; Rep. Wright Patman lost, but at least he got some debate and a floor vote this year on his program to create just the kind of federal credit pool that Dugger thinks is an "off limits" topic.

Some of the reform efforts are snuffed out by committee chairmen and ranking conservatives, whose tyranny would not be even slightly threatened by a fourth party. But one should also recognize that some of the best—and most achievable—programs in Congress are ruined simply by the general incompetence and stupidity of liberal Democrats.

Of the many Congressional episodes that could illustrate this deficiency, one of the best is the way in which liberal Democrats failed to respond even with a quiver when Agriculture Committee Chairman Robert Poage of Texas held the food stamp bill captive. For many months, urban Democrats had been swaggering around, saying in a threatening way that "Poage better not try to cut the food stamp bill off from the farm bill, so that he can pass the latter at his convenience." No sirree, those city fellows were going to make him bring up the food stamp issue at the very same time he asked passage of the farm bill; and if they didn't get what they wanted in the way of food stamps, why, by God they were going to torpedo his farm bill.

That's what they promised. But Poage did cut the two apart, and he did send the farm bill through the House, and the food stamp bill does still languish in the Rules Committee. Was the slightest protest heard from the liberal Democrats? Not a peep. All their threats were forgotten as they permitted the Southern Democrats (who run farm matters in both Houses) to do as they wanted without even the embarrassment of having to answer a critical speech.

Nationalization of industry, socialization of corporate services, land reform programs such as were carried out in Mexico—if these are the tests of courage, then it is true that no leading Democrat, or even second-rank Democrat, in Washington can measure up; the establishment of a fourth party could possibly have a revolutionary liberalizing effect on them. But to argue for the desirability of such a party by unfairly ignoring the reform efforts of Senators Metcalf, Hart, McGovern, Church, Mondale, Nelson, Hartke, Proxmire, et al., and, among House members, Patman, in such areas as defense spending, interest rates, housing, overseas commitments, corporate thievery and corporate interlocks, is one certain way to drive liberals toward a state of even greater political despondency.

Against this background, present efforts to reform the Democratic Party are obviously important, but they are not always wise in every detail, and some may even be dangerous. To keep the fourth party movement on ice, Democratic leaders must at least *seem* to be hospitable to new ideas and new constituents. But they can't create that appearance without disdaining, or seeming to disdain, some of their old allies. That step may be necessary but it should be taken gracefully, which has not always been the case. That is why you now hear some leading Democrats talk about labor as though it were as irrelevant and unsavory as the Visigoths. Not long ago Sen. Eugene McCarthy, whose 1968 challenge to The Leader destroyed conventional thinking, told *The Nation*:

"I've said it before and I'll say it again—the party has to be established on a somewhat different basis than that which worked for Roosevelt. The last time the old combination [minority groups, labor, big-city liberals, part of the South] had been put together effectively was the 1960 election. From that time on, it had to be more broadly based. The Democrats must get away from the idea that if you put together separate groups, each with its special interests, then they will all work together and out of this each one can get something. When you begin to talk about, say, the poverty program, you're talking about something that doesn't help labor but in fact hurts them —it's going to cost them money in taxes, going to cost them in the threat to their security and status. To get people to act on something like that, you have to give them a deeper, a broader motivation than that which heretofore has existed. And I'm not speaking just of labor but of a lot of people."

Did he mean that if you can't motivate labor, and if they have other things that are motivating them in other directions, the Democrats should just say, we've lost labor? "Yes, I think you have to face up to that—you might lose labor as labor, though I don't think everybody in organized labor is indifferent."

Shortly after the Republicans took office last year, Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien said virtually the same thing: "The old alignment is no longer valid. The change has come about in a very short span of time—since 1960. The working man is no longer automatically sold on the Democratic party" because he "has become increasingly middle class." Having surrendered the friendship of the worker, O'Brien added, "My advice is: look to the suburbs; that's where many of our Democrats have gone." At the same time Edmund Muskie, while not waving aside the virtues of the old alliance quite so clearly, said that the party should be "modernized to bring in those on the outside; to bring in the young, the disadvantaged."

Dutton says: "For years the Democratic Party had its blue-collar, white, organized labor base, both in terms of votes and sources of money, delegates and networks of political campaign organizations. It is a conservatizing thing. It is like maintaining 1948 forever. I believe that 1972 will be the last reliance of the Democratic Party on that old blue-collar group. By 1976 enough of labor will have moved out of the Democratic Party—I don't know whether to Wallace or to the Republicans or to what—and enough young people will be moving in that I think you'll have great changes. Until that happens, the problem of the Democratic Committee is how to reconcile the attitudes of the lower-middle class—going back to the cold-war attitudes of twenty or thirty years ago—with the pro-peace, more racially integrated new constituency. And I'm not talking just about the young people. I'm talking about the new middle class, many of the people where the action is in the suburbs."

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There is a considerable amount of mischievous looseness in talk like this. What do they mean by "suburbs"? How can the needs of blue-collar workers be "conservatizing" today when they were not conservatizing in the 1930s, inasmuch as they are essentially the same needs within the same context? What evidence is there that these sophisticated political fellows know what they are talking about when they allude to youth as some unit of special freshness and rejuvenating insight?

Assuming that the youth at Harvard are typical, it may be illuminating to look at them through the eyes of Charles Schumer, a senior who last year was president of the Harvard-Radcliffe Young Democrats and worked this summer in the office of Rep. Bertram Podell. Given an exciting crisis, Harvard students respond with admirable directness: thus, forty-eight hours after Nixon marched into Cambodia, 1,500 Harvard students—one-third of the undergraduate body—were on the road to Washington to stage their protest and lobby their Congressmen. However, their judgment in ordinary political affairs does not always match their glands. Schumer observes, though not necessarily in agreement with his contemporaries: "The kids now look around in government and there is almost no one they see as a leader. It's hard to say why they wouldn't warm up to men like, say, McGovern. On the issues, he's just fine. There's just something about his style. You know, kids are just as susceptible to that as anybody else. They look at style rather than substance, just like anybody else. Bad as it is, that's a fact you have to live with. Muskie's style is appealing. Muskie hasn't surfaced on the issues, but his style is more like McCarthy's. With McCarthy you have the feeling that he broke with the old. Actually, there's very little enthusiasm for the Young Democrats at Harvard. It's dying. The name Young Democrats is kind of a handicap. To gain the support of youth, a politician has to show that he is not a "Democrat." That doesn't mean he should show that he's a Republican or even an independent. He has to show that he's taking stands on this thing or another, and he has to have a good style."

If one can assume that Schumer, a political activist since McCarthy's New Hampshire campaign, has his wits about him, the "Student" the Democrats are courting so assiduously is a flighty, fickle sucker for bright rhetoric and a smooth TV demeanor. He doesn't sound much smarter than the rest of us.

Although all contemporary evidence shows that McCarthy and Dutton are correct to dismiss the South as part of the Democratic base, as long as the South is part of the nation, no national party can write it out of the formula entirely. The talk that makes sense about the South—inasmuch as the tone is only one-third hopeful and two-thirds belligerent—is the kind that Frank Sibley, one of the brighter Senate aides, rattled off the other day:

"The evolution of the South may be much quicker than we anticipate. Ten years ago, Maryland was a conservative Southern border state. We now have one liberal Senator and one moderate-to-liberal Senator from that state, a fairly liberal Governor and several really liberal Congressmen. Virginia is the next state. It's already seeping down there. It's fantastic. As industrialization hits in a state like Virginia, look what happens—in less than five years, the Democratic Party of the state of Virginia as we knew it under Harry Byrd has had its conservatism shattered, its political structure hacked up and lying on the ground in pieces. The Virginia Democratic Party has been captured and will remain under the domination of liberal-to-moderate people. The conservatives have nowhere to go but into the right wing of the Republican Party, where they are going to make people like Linwood Holton feel that their ground is completely untenable. Governor Holton is a rather decent man. Look how many Byrd people are either resigning from the Democratic Party or outright joining the Republican Party. Five years from now the Virginia Democratic Party will be where the Maryland Democratic Party is right now.

"Look what happened when old Harry Byrd died. They greased the skids for his kid, gave him the best committee assignments, brought him in ahead of time, did everything they could for him—but he still isn't going to leapfrog through the seniority business over anybody. He still lost that twenty years, and that's the key thing. The pressures on this place are so hard, the sessions are so long, the publicity so glaring, the reporters dig so deep and expose you so thoroughly—the good old days when you could be a whittlin' and spittin' boy six months of the year and a half-asleep legislator six months of the year are gone, and a lot of them can't take it. They are old men.

"And this is the age of television. Eventually they've got to stand up in front of that camera and talk, and even the biggest ass of a voter back home is going to say: 'Why my gawd, ah didn' know he looked like *that*. You know, ma, he just don' talk sense. Ah nevah knowed that fella was so dumb.'

"And another thing, the safe district is a disappearing beastie. John Conyers [Detroit Congressman] told me: 'We're going to run a black candidate against every officeholder from Mississippi. We're going to make these old men *run*.' This is the most beautiful part of it. You know, like in the Mikva-O'Hara race in Chicago. Mikva made the old man run out in that 100 degree heat, and he made his tongue hang down to his shoe tops in 1966. He made the old man run until he was dying. He made him stand out in the sun making speeches, shaking hands, running, running. Made him make promises. Made him use up those silver bullets. Right after the 1966 race Mikva said, 'I'm going to challenge the old man again,' and two years later the old man didn't run.

"And look at this McMillan race in South Carolina. The blacks rose up. A young black doctor, who didn't know his head from his ass, knew he was mad enough to run. And a bunch of blacks went down from D.C. to help him. The white people down there can ruminate against them, but they can't quite shoot them any more. So they put up a race. Sure, McMillan won big, but that 71-year-old man had to stump that district, he had to stand out there snapping his galluses, and he had to promise and he had to spend money; he had to think, he had to talk, he had to use up some of those favors, and that's beautiful because in '72 you *know* there's going to be another challenge."

Why aren't some of the hotshots down at Democratic National Headquarters talking that way? Why aren't the likes of Dutton or McCarthy or O'Brien? Kissing off

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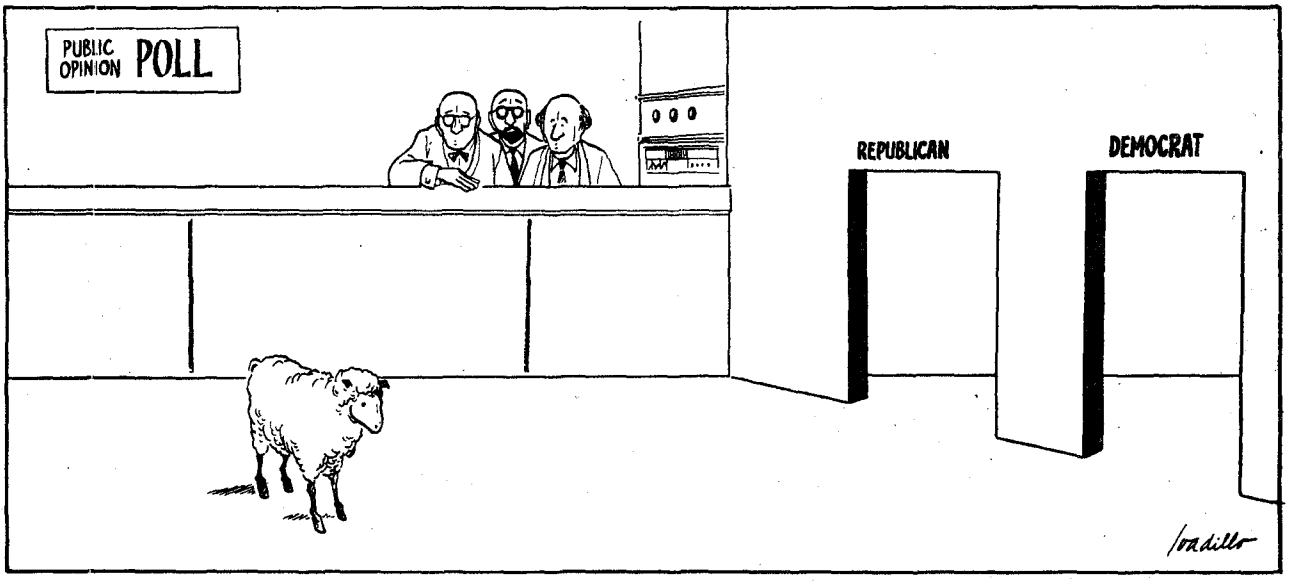

the South may be sensible, but not before you rough up a few on the way out.

While it is so that the inner cities are losing population and the suburbs are growing, it is misleading for O'Brien and Dutton to speak of the suburbs as something separate from labor. The AFL-CIO reports that 50 per cent of union members, and 75 per cent of those under the age of 30, live in the suburbs. Labor is there, all right, but often living with the burden of a $12,000 house for which, because of runaway interest rates, the worker will wind up paying twice as much mortgage as his father would have paid. He has no great fraternal bond with the junior executive living ten blocks away in the $35,000 split-level, who has a future to match his mortgage. The suburbs may be the haven for what Dutton calls "the new middle class," but if Massachusetts is in any way a typical state, there is a political moral to be found in the report recently issued by David L. Birch of the Harvard Business School, which discloses that because of the shift of many manufacturing enterprises to suburban areas, "there are now more poor in the state's suburbs than in its central cities and the suburban area is growing fast."

In *"Middle Class" Workers and the New Politics,* Brendan Sexton pointed out: "In late 1966, the U.S. Department of Labor said that an income of $9,191 would enable a city family of four to maintain 'a moderate standard of living.' Only about one-third of *all* American families reach that now-dated standard. Certainly, the typical production worker is much better off than a Mississippi farm tractor driver or a city mother living on welfare, but he hardly lives opulently. He treads water, financially and psychically."

A study issued by the Department of Labor in August shows that 10 million blue-collar workers earn between $5,000 and $10,000 a year, and the increases in their income fall far short of the expenses added by a growing family and inflation. From 1959 to 1969 their budget needs increased 61 per cent, according to the study, while their earnings increased only 36 per cent.

In the stereotyped, pseudo-Marxian view of our class structure as a simple dualism of rich and poor, says Sexton, "organized workers are seen as part of the richer half, along with bankers, businessmen, professionals. They are, it is assumed, well fed, well cared for, up to their hip in 'things,' and all-around partners in an open and affluent society. According to this hidden assumption, all or nearly all the poor are black. They are mostly mothers of large families living on welfare in big city ghettos. The rest (except for a few Appalachian whites) are young blacks who can't find jobs because they are school dropouts or because they are excluded from unions by corpulent and corrupt union bosses. So goes this version of things, especially popular in some college circles. But in fact about eighty per cent of the poor are white, and a startling proportion of them work full-time."

Workers do, as they claim, pay a disproportionate amount of their taxes to support those on welfare, because politicians and their own leaders have failed to push for fair tax distribution. (Meany finked out in the 1969 tax-reform fight.) They are, as they claim, discriminated against in terms of being called up for military service and of not getting a chance at higher education (about one-fourth of the sons of factory workers make it to college). The appeal to labor need have nothing to do with hawkishness or anti-communism, to please the Meanyites. In the first place, a significant strength within the labor movement is thoroughly fed up with George Meany's hysterical response to those issues. Aside from the UAW, there are many smaller but powerful unions in this category; for example, Eddie Swayduck, president of the Amalgamated Lithographers, seldom misses a chance to denounce Meany as a Pentagon hireling who never walked a picket line or negotiated a union contract. The spreading disgust with Meany's policies could be measured recently when fourteen of thirty-three AFL-CIO vice presidents snubbed the White House dinner at which Mr. Meany was guest of honor. Secondly, there is every reason to continue to appeal to labor on the traditional grounds of economics and security and pride, for, as Sexton says (with the kind of stable wisdom that some of our Democratic leaders could use), Hubert Humphrey began to pick up steam in his wavering 1968 campaign only when he saw what Wallace had understood all along that "while many 'experts' said the 'old issues' were dead,

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millions of American workers angrily disagreed and wanted a better life. Many workers were ready for a campaign resembling Harry Truman's historic effort in 1948, a hell-raising campaign about the 'old' economic issues (social justice, more and better jobs, more opportunity, good schools, health care, and so forth)."

O'Brien and McCarthy are entitled to their opinion of whether or not the old alignments have not worked since 1960, but Richard M. Scammon, one of the nation's experts on elections, reported after the 1968 votes were tallied: "The old Democratic coalition was not dead this year, except in the South. The Negroes, the Jews, the intellectuals and much of labor remained loyal."

The workers are still approachable, hoping the Democrats will try to help. Their jobs are boring and often noisy and dirty; the status of their jobs is steadily on the skids. In short, although they are eating, their lives are just about as bleak as they were in the 1930s, when the Democrats with a little imagination had no trouble getting their support for programs promising uplift. If the Democrats can't do it again, don't blame the laborers.

It is hard to say who is the more unrealistic, the men who dismiss organized and unorganized labor so boldly, or old George Meany himself, who recently made headlines by saying that men like Dutton and McCarthy are driving labor out of the Democratic Party and transforming it from the "so-called liberal party it was a few years ago" into a "party of extremists of the New Left." Meany may have observed a coup that is not apparent to outsiders, but if far-Left extremists are running the party, why are Larry O'Brien and Bill Welsh, Humphrey's aide, and Joseph Califano, LBJ's aide, wearing those big titles around Democratic National Headquarters? And why, as national treasurer, do they still have Robert Strauss of Dallas, who is so conservative that Yarborough has denounced him as a political subversive?

Meany says that the change, as seen from the inside of labor, is "not so much that our people are looking to the Republicans but they are looking less to the Democrats because, actually, the Democratic Party has disintegrated." And yet a few days later he said that, while Nixon has done "pretty good" in foreign affairs, "in domestic affairs he's got about a 9.0 earned-run average against him," which, umpire Frank Porter tells me, means he is not fit to pitch in the Little League.

So what we are witnessing and hearing these days is a vast amount of unprofitable jockeying for position. The neuters running the national party organization are besieged from the Left by some who say, "if you keep listening to that old fossil Meany you'll wind up with a fourth party on your hands"; while from the Right comes Meany with his own threat: "keep listening to those subversives and there's no telling what we may do."

It may do labor's psyche good to show its "independence" by endorsing a Republican governor in New York, or by saying—as Meany did last year—that it may support Nixon in 1972, but unless the hierarchy of labor has gone completely insane, it knows that labor has nowhere to go but to the Democratic Party for the answers it needs to fundamental questions. For example, if the Republicans had their way, the National Labor Relations Board would be dismantled. In fact, Senate Republican Whip Robert Griffin has ready a bill which would replace the NLRB with a labor court of fifteen members, appointed to twenty-year terms; he is just waiting for the GOP to take over the Senate and he will push it. For another example, the position of the AFL-CIO in regard to protectve tariffs is very close to that of the Republican Party (despite Nixon's claim of supporting a "liberal" trade policy), but labor leaders are surely aware that any wall against imports will be raised and shaped by the Republicans for the sake of J. P. Stevens and Co., not for the welfare of the Textile Workers Union.

On the other side, the Democratic Party has no ready substitute for labor. Having lost its Southern base almost entirely, the party must in fact increase the firmness of its hold on the labor states, the industrial states—what Scammon calls the Quadcali (a *quad*rangle from Massachusetts to Washington, D.C., to Illinois, to Wisconsin, plus *Cali*fornia, allegedly enough for victory)—or forget about Presidential politics. In Texas, no serious statewide race can be contemplated by any liberal or moderate Democrat—and by Texas standards, all Democratic Presidential candidates are liberal—without the organization and bankroll of labor. Although labor leaders admit that their attempts at "political education" touch no more than 10 per cent of the membership, in Michigan, New York and Pennsylvania, loss of the support of union campaign organizations would be fatal in any reasonably close race. Humphrey carried those states handily only because of intensive efforts by union bosses. Labor leaders admit that their failure to get a couple of million members registered to vote in Missouri, New Jersey, Illinois and Ohio—where Humphrey was nosed out by a total of only 306,000 votes—was responsible for his defeat. It was accidental that time; is there a serious Democratic candidate around who would like to see it done on purpose next time?

Fortunately, Senator McGovern, chairman of the twenty-eight-man task force set up after the 1968 convention to expand the Democratic base, did not interpret his commission to mean an expansion at the expense of losing labor. [See "Democratic Derby: Form Sheet on the Dark Horses" by Les Gapay, *The Nation*, September 14.]

He recently told *The Nation*: "To win in 1972, the Democrats will have to recover their labor base. I don't believe that base is lost. I think one of our problems in 1968 was that there were a lot of intellectuals out in front in the Democratic Party, particularly in the McCarthy and Kennedy movements, somewhat arrogant people who turned off the labor groups almost on a basis of life styles and personality.

"I've tried to pay more attention to labor, but I have had difficulties. In trying to put together a constituency for the so-called McGovern-Hatfield amendment, I found that the labor area was untended; it was a place where I'd let my fences slip. But we've been trying to correct that. We've been in touch with every friendly labor leader we can reach. I went up to Pittsburgh a month or so ago and talked with some of the hard-hats and got them together over a cup of coffee to see if I could find out the basis for the gap. I found that what comes across to the working fellow is an anti-war movement dominated by students and dominated by people who don't really seem

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to be concerned with the bread and butter issues that appeal to these working guys. We've got to do a better job getting our message to labor."

Unfortunately, some of the big shots in organized labor felt that McGovern's group was out to undermine their position, replacing them in the party leadership with three abstractions known as students, women and blacks. The guidelines agreed on by the McGovern commission require that these groups be reflected in the delegations in a ratio close to their numbers in the population.

Such fears by the union chiefs, says McGovern, miss the point. "The loss of political activists alienated by the way the 1968 convention was set up and run prompted a good many of the pols to ask, 'What are we going to do to get these people back? We'll do it by opening up the party and adopting some of the reforms.'

"Even the old pols have come to an understanding that the Democratic Party is in trouble and that accepting these guidelines is a matter of survival. Any good politician wants to broaden the base of participation. It is not too surprising that Mayor Daley was the first major figure after the 1968 convention to call his people together and say, I want these procedures changed. He had been handpicking the delegates, but now he said he wanted to see Illinois go for an open primary, and he called on the Democratic leadership in the Illinois state Senate and House to pass it, and they did.

"In my state we have a tough Irishman, Bill Dougherty, who is Democratic National Committeeman. He handpicked the Kennedy slate in 1968. He didn't consult anybody on those twenty-six people. He just called them up on the phone and asked them if they wanted to go on the slate. Well, there is no question there were some scars left from that. The Kennedy slate beat Humphrey in his home state; it beat McCarthy in the state next door. Dougherty saw the scars and he was quick to embrace the guidelines."

Whether or not the commission correctly identified all the right defects, it did go after some of the more obvious ones. "We have ruled out the secret caucus. We've required advance notice. We've ruled out proxy voting. We've ruled out selection of delegates prior to 1972. Nobody can be selected until the election year. We've ruled out any fee in excess of $10 for either getting on the ballot or for party expenses.

"We have required that in the slate-making process, where the state organization puts together, say, a Humphrey slate or a McCarthy slate, that slate has to bear some reasonable resemblance to the population and age and ethnic factors in the state. It doesn't have to be an air-tight quota. We've given to the credentials committee at the next convention instructions that they would be able to challenge a delegation that comes in there from a state where the voters are 50 per cent black and only 5 per cent of the delegates are black. We will be in a position to challenge a state that comes in without any women on the delegation or without anybody under 30."

The closest vote in the commission's deliberations came on the quota. Even some of the liberals on the commission argued that if the people picking the delegates—whether by caucus or convention or primary—were themselves picked in a process where everyone gets to vote, and if they chose to send in a delegation of all males and all 40 years old, they should be allowed to do so. McGovern held out for a loose quota, but he admits that they may wind up with some deadheads just to meet this requirement.

McCarthy makes two legitimate complaints about the quota. First of all, the spirit of the guidelines will be violated entirely unless the right people run the show. It is hard to imagine that the reforms that come out of Texas, for example, will make any liberal hearts sing; the head of the reform committee in that state is Will Davis, who has for years been a flunky for the Johnson-Connally wing of the party. In many other states the "reform" program is also being carried out by the old gang.

Secondly, there is no special magic in a head count of youths, women and blacks. "You could find a whole convention of blacks, for example, who are for the war," says McCarthy. "You could get a whole convention of youths who were against letting blacks into the labor movement. This is a purely physical sort of politics."

Regularly since 1966, Gallup polls have shown that people over 50 were considerably more opposed to the war in Vietnam than were people in the youngest voter group. And since in organized politics "youths" usually means college students, it should be pointed out as well that Gallup discovered that in the early years of the big Viet buildup, people with only a grade school education were much more apt to consider the war futile than were college-educated voters. Since 1969, a higher percentage of the college-educated has opposed the war, but, at the risk of seeming ungrateful for their support, it should be said that these latecomers probably now do more to appease their own consciences than they do for the anti-war cause. Polling done by Daniel Yankelovich and associates, as reported in *Fortune*, found that four times as many young people between the ages of 18 and 24 admire George Wallace as admire the New Left. Other recent polls show in effect that the distribution of political and social beliefs among young people is about the same as among their elders.

As for women, what promise of salvation do they hold out? If they have made any singular mark of their own on U.S. politics up to this point, it is as the most devoted and virulent participants in the right-wing movement. The most accurate appraisal of women, however, is given by Myra Wolfgang, vice president of the Hotel & Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union in Detroit: "There is no more unanimity of opinion among women than among men. Indeed, a woman on welfare in Harlem, a unionized laundry worker in California, an elderly socialite from Philadelphia may be of the same sex and they may be wives and mothers, but they have little in common to cause them to be of one opinion." Needless to say, they have a right to representation in party councils, but what has that to do with *improving* the party?

A more reasonable conclusion for Democratic leaders to reach is that they should not "go after" this color or sex group or that age lump, but should hew to achievable humanitarian goals and welcome those from any group who want to follow. Politics that artificially embraces youth and women and blacks smacks of the same kind of tasteless commercialism as "bush" wigs, women's lib magazines and the multimillion-dollar hippie clothing in-

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dustry; a "Philadelphia Plan" may or may not work for rationing jobs, but there is certainly no rational basis for a Philadelphia Plan in politics. If Democratic headquarters wants to divvy up the delegations, let it be done according to position on issues—reflecting a true division of the feelings back home.

Unless that is done, there is some excuse for McCarthy's witticism: "I don't know why people are so exercized over the report that Nixon is having the RAND Corp. do a study to determine ways not to hold an election in 1972. You don't need a study to figure that out. If they want to exclude people from Presidential politics, they have only to do more of what they did in 1968."

Any shaking up of the delegate-selection process is probably for the good, but unless the party, as a formal organization, stops being spooked by abstractions—Youth, Women, Blacks and Labor Bosses—and gets back to fighting for some of the specific programs now being advocated by a number of Democratic leaders, the next election may indeed be more of a non-event than 1968. □

MADISON, U.S.A.

Bomb Crater in the American Dream

PETER WEISS

Dr. Weiss is a clinical psychologist, practicing in Madison. He attended the university there from 1950 to 1954, returned to Madison in 1962 and did research at the medical school from 1963 to 1969.

Madison, Wis.

People's reaction to a bombing in the midst of denying a war is frightening. The U.S. Army Math Research Center at the University of Wisconsin was blown up, causing $6 million damage and the death of one man. It rattled windows all over town and the walls of Middle American isolation. Some 1,700 pounds of Wisconsin fertilizer, 100 gallons of oil and a stick of dynamite exploded the dream of nothing wrong that a spanking wouldn't cure. The blast was heard for 30 miles, all the way to the county line, but it aroused the people, in the days that followed, only to an angry whimper, a thrashing about in a dog's sleep. America had caught up with itself.

Madison used to be one of the loveliest towns in the country: a regal Midwestern capital on majestic lakes, with shaded streets and city limits that encompassed sensibility and charm. It was a state of mind, a professor's place, a worker's place, in the heart of America and protected by its centrality. Politically, in this land of Machine Gun Kelly, it was heaven. It fought Joe McCarthy during those awful years and still had time to quarrel with Frank Lloyd Wright. It was a refuge for liberals, a redoubt of the La Follette era. You knew it was an American community in the old sense, because the anti-Semitism was genteel.

In the cold-war years, the Madison campus of the University of Wisconsin was fitful but quiet. Its students comprised the "Lost Generation," the "Generation of Jellyfish," who watched the Army-McCarthy hearings on television and rooted for the Army. McCarthy was attacking the universities and the Wisconsin faculty was virile in its defense of academic freedom, scorning the students for their moral lethargy. President Harrington, in an interview just before the August 24 bombing, still regrets "the apathy and indifference which characterized students in the early 1950s"—as the students of today now regret his. The older generation felt the horrors of McCarthyism; the kids were off on panty raids. After graduation, they went into the Army for two cynical years of the psychopathic life, and then to graduate school. America was resting up for its next war.

The World War II babies were coming of age and the universities were preparing to greet them. Wisconsin, one of the most beautiful campuses in the country, succumbed to a rapid modernization and expansion; in this it followed the surrounding city and nation, whose purpose was being determined by those who could turn the fastest buck. The new concrete and naughahyde dormitory buildings were so ugly as to deny any memory of the collective spirit, so cold and small for life as to cause a despair sufficient for psychiatry. The structures themselves became targets of angry vandalism.

These children of materialism-for-its-own-sake had survived the high school regimen with some hope of finding a value beyond, only to discover themselves part of an impersonal crowd in a spiritless world that was held together with fragments of whiffenpoof and by grad instructors in the midst of their own struggle for elementary meaning. How quickly it all happened!

By the time the change was becoming apparent, with the smell of today already in the air, the freedom movement had begun in the South. This was the Kennedy period, with its images of tasteful opportunity for reform. Peace Corps and Vietnamese War, and on all sides the young were encouraged to cross the New Frontier of contradictions. The universities were back in favor after their long recuperation from the fifties. The National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation were bursting with funds for health and social research, and the Army Math Research Center at Wisconsin was humming. Madison was an intellectual boom town, the Harvard of the West, for the careers it made in Washington. And there was plenty left over for social services.

The good feeling was augmented by the opportunities for social heroism in the South. Bull Connor was still "one of them" and Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner were brothers. Madison was back to its historic quarrels with Mr. Wright. The war in Vietnam was just coming into focus. The hippies were just being born and their problems had not yet been defined by the media. The Kennedy assassination was still "the work of a deranged

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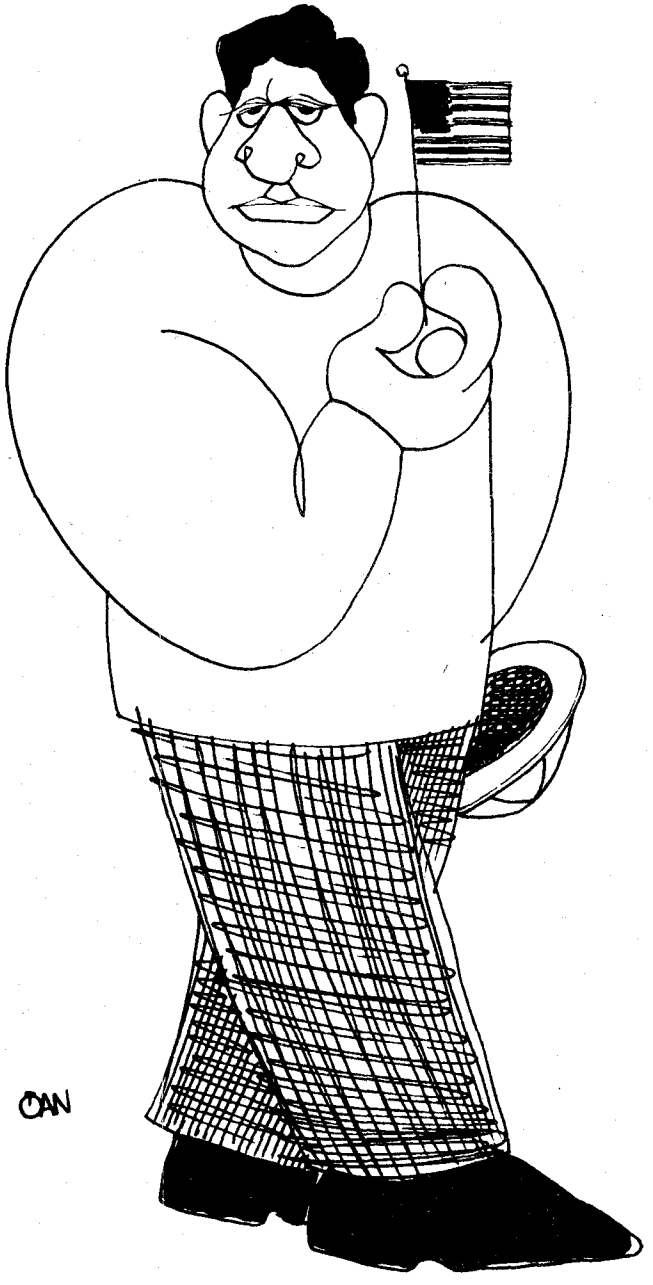
mind," and Dr. King was having his dream. Madison rested on its liberal laurels and hustled the students.

At the time of the teach-ins, the students and the university were still on speaking terms. It was a great revival and then nothing—an aftermath of suspicion that something was fundamentally wrong. Professors were enlightened men and knew about Vietnam, yet they were doing nothing to resist. It was unnerving, those great speeches and then nothing. Nevertheless, the administration was restive about the scheduled interruption of classes. The wind was blowing up the skirt but not until the Dow demonstrations did the university reveal what it was hiding under there—money.

Industry and the government give money to the colleges and recruit personnel from the student body. The public gives money and sends its children to be trained for industry and government. The university is a public institution with a public constituency. That is the meaning of the Wisconsin slogan, "The boundaries of the campus are the boundaries of the state," or what it has come to mean. The students learned that when they tried to prevent Dow Chemical, makers of napalm, from recruiting on campus in 1967. For the first time, city police were used to clear a building and there was bloodshed. The suspicions that came in the wake of the teach-in were clarified: the university is a place of business, a socio-political agency for the socialization of the young, a minimum security place for training in the higher echelons of the military and the market place. This lesson was taught with a billy club. Many radicals were born on that day in October 1967, and in the weeks that followed, the same legislature came out to meet them.



At about the same time, another development was taking place. The hippie community in San Francisco was breaking up and moving around the country. The as yet unnamed Woodstock nation began to appear, along with its commitments to ecstasy and the collective life. Central Madison was transformed into a movie set full of extras. Students and drifters were settling down and turning on, a backdrop for the radical scene. It was Berkeley East, where an idea could catch fire and where a person at odds with the need for money in a greedy world would not be alone. It was bohemia revisited on a grander scale, with the cadence of disillusionment beaten into a sun dance—counterpoint to the Drum and Bugle Corps.

The emergence of this community (Mifflin Street), with its magnificent cooperative grocery store and its collective struggle for a communal life, put an end to the isolation of the student as a transient immigrant without a place of citizenship. This was social solidification on the Left, with aldermanic representation on the city council and, in addition to its own search for a creative alternative, an attachment to every disadvantaged cause. It was a Third World identity where Black was king and where the whole-meal guerrilla cookie replaced apple pie as the national food. It was also a search for an alternative to power politics as a basis for human relations. It involved a *lot* of sharing. Its failures reveal not only the depth of insecurity in the American experience but also the extent to which the world around America is hostile to its existence.

The University of Wisconsin is a large institution in a small state, the politics of which tend to be dominated by the cautions of a rural legislature. The social defection of the young has everybody worried and the campus rebellion is alarming. The public does not understand long hair and drugs and the searing social criticisms of the underground press. It does not understand the university's connection with the war or, indeed, its own connection with it, beyond the frustration of taxes and the deaths of sons. No governor or university president is going to stand up and explain it, so people explain it to one another at Kiwanis and Rotary meetings, and fortify themselves with Yankee epithets about law and order, gathering behind the home guard veterans' groups which never cease in their forage for virtue. To them, the trouble in Madison is caused by strangers who want to "turn the university into a rendezvous for radicals and revolutionaries, a propaganda factory for communism or spawning ground for subversives." It is the return

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of the Christian Crusade, no longer confined to the Southern regions of dark-age America.

The Dow demonstrations caused a roar in the legislative wind tunnel that brought the lieutenant governor and a Senate committee to the campus with threats of money cuts "to show 'em who's boss." They were confident in their derision that a "good dose of detergent and varnish . . . would make her [the university] the grand old gal she used to be." They had their day, this committee of political opportunity, peering blindly across the table at the hairy radicals they had heard about at Kiwanis, who were speaking now about napalm; and at nervous university officials who were pleading for mercy. The Governor returned from a mission of commercial good will to Taiwan in time to apply his balm to the public wound, but notice had been given: the administration had better get tough or the regents would take over. How quaint that seems, now that the regents have had *their* chance and the state is making policy.

The university continued to function in an increasingly sterile way. The faculty did not retreat in the face of new confrontations. They just stood there clucking like the rest of Wisconsin, while the chancellor moved the police around. When they would meet over some crisis like the draft, industrial recruiting on campus, or black studies, the students would gather outside to wait until the P.A. system carried the words of surrender. The meetings would begin with a parliamentary wrangle about limiting debate. The faculty's world was collapsing but they did not want to miss supper. There would be praise for the students, praise for the university, exchanges between old radicals who could not remember the reasons, and a lot of proposals, resolutions, amendments—a lot of parliamentary scratching leading up to the administration's position, the boss's point of view, which would then be accepted along with a motion to adjourn. Outside, the students would line up to form an aisle of silent contempt for the parade of tweed jackets.

It was sad to see such discouragement on the young faces. They still believed that those deaf ears were merely clogged; not that they were tuned in to another station. And they still believed that demonstrations could prop up the sagging liberal center that provided a cushion of hope. On the national scale, it was working in the move to dump Johnson. Disillusionment had not yet hardened into cynical despair. Nihilism was still on the fringe.

After Dow, the university hardened its line on dissent and brought in the troops. The insulation around the administration was getting thicker and the demonstrations more frustrating and bitter. The experience of Wisconsin in this regard is the experience of San Francisco State, California and Columbia. The chancellor became a police dispatcher and the president seemed to collapse into resignation, mumbling his regrets to the regents and getting yelled at in the legislature as if he were an unfit mother. The kids were downstairs howling.

Public antagonism was growing. The long period of confrontations had shifted the focus of the public eye from the issues of dissent within the university to the battles between students and police. People watch too much television! The police were beginning to look like "our boys" overseas and the students like the V.C., especially since they so identified themselves. The police had enormous stockpiles of riot-control equipment.

In the spring of 1969, month of May, the police broke up a block party on Mifflin Street. No permit had been issued and it was not the Fourth of July. They were met with jeers of defiance and the alderman of Mifflin Street who was trying to disperse the crowd, was arrested, taken downtown and given a haircut. The Mayor was out of town. There were other arrests and as night fell the war began. The rest is old stuff—clouds of gas, beatings, wreckage. It was a fight not about politics but about life style, the life style of refuge and disguise and standards of another world which has grown up in our midst. Tear gas *in town* brought out the aldermen, churchmen and others who realized that they, too, lived in neighborhoods which blocked off streets for festivals. They, too, were attacked by the police, many of whom were unmarked deputies from other counties, out for a night ride. The solid citizens were appalled by the abuse they received from the police that night and frightened by the autonomy with which the police functioned. For another day and night the battle raged—the police against roving guerrilla bands—until everyone was exhausted. The police were so angry that they went and gassed the university, far from the battlefield.

This raid on the kids was a flash of lightning in a gathering storm, which momentarily revealed the larger abuse—a 19th-century imagination in need of glasses, a nation denouncing its young for trying to make love instead of war, and discovering a wrath so deep that love will have to wait. Politics on the student Left has been driven into its corner, into the arms of nihilism and revolutionary fantasy that wants to burn the system down —whatever that means. There is much strong anti-war sentiment in Madison among people who still want to play by the old rules. They fear the Right in their anxiety about the Left and do not see that the old rules no longer apply. They have watched the university lose power with each student demonstration. For this they blame the kids, the radicals and the hippies *as well as* the conditions which give rise to their rebellion—war, racism, poverty and monotony. It is this view, the anxious liberal view, that gives so much encouragement to the Right.

Between September 26, 1969 and January 5, 1970 there were twenty-five firebombings on and off campus, some of them causing enormous damage. Most of these attacks were against the National Guard, ROTC, the draft board and the Army reserve. In addition, a large supermarket in the student district was burned to the ground. On January 1, 1970, there was an abortive aerial attack on an ordnance plant outside Madison which makes gunpowder and bullets for the Army. Windows were smashed in the shopping district near campus during demonstrations in support of a strike at General Electric, when G.E. was recruiting on campus, and again in opposition to the invasion of Cambodia. In the fall of 1969 mathematicians attending a meeting sponsored by the Army Math Research Center were spattered with paint. Last summer, the Research Center was bombed.

Credit for the bombing was taken by people calling themselves the "Vanguard of the Revolution," and declaring their "solidarity with the San Rafael four" and

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"each and every peasant, worker, student and displaced person who, in his day-by-day existence, struggles against the oppressive conditions heaped on him by the monster." They went on to demand the "immediate release of the Milwaukee 3 (Panthers), the abolition of ROTC, and the elimination of the male supremacist women's hours on the Wisconsin campus." They threatened "revolutionary measures of an intensity never before seen in this country—open warfare, kidnapping of important officials, and even assassination will not be ruled out."

Thus we have come to the impasse. "The lesson of Dow," said a university official in 1967, "was that you don't try to handle these things with too little, too late." And they brought in the troops.

Here is the other lesson of Dow: in its retrenchment against reform, the old machine has finally ground its way into hell, leaving in its wake a generation of outraged youngsters who "won't work in the goddamn system or fight in the fucking army." It is an unavoidable spectacle, and yet America manages not to look. It refuses because the view is of itself and its enormous capacity to create the problems it has to solve. Instead it blames the outsiders: young aliens in the land, crossing state borders to incite riot and violence; long-haired strangers living together in sin and disloyalty. This is middle-class rage against the offspring of its neglect—America raging against itself in the frustration of its own egotism, shouting across the chasm in reply to its own echo—and Old Glory everywhere displayed to ward off a mistake in God's judgment. □

NEW ARMY MISSION

SNOOPING ON THE HOME FRONT

JOSEPH HANLON

Mr. Hanlon is a staff writer for Computerworld, *a computer trade newspaper, and has written extensively on data banks and the invasion of privacy.*

Convinced that people, not problems, cause riots, the Army continues its close surveillance of lawful civilian political activity. And it continues to compile dossiers on everyone it thinks might precipitate one of those riots. Jane Fonda, Julian Bond, Coretta King, an anti-Semitic Baptist minister and 5,000 others are in an Army data bank of potential riot fomenters. Now Sen. Sam J. Ervin (D., N.C.) has come to the defense of those who have been electronically tagged; on October 6, 7 and 8, he will hold hearings on government data banks, stressing those run by the Army.

Throughout the country, Army intelligence offices collect newspaper articles and police and FBI reports, and data compiled by their own investigators. Such information is stored in computers; the rest is kept on microfilm or merely in file cabinets.

Ervin and the press have been trying since January to get details of the Army's data collection program. Two problems have hindered the investigation: First, even civilian heads of the Army do not know what kind of information is being collected, or where or how, and have had considerable trouble finding out. Second, these Army civilians nevertheless believe strongly that snooping on the public is necessary, and are willing to be dishonest in order to protect the program, even without knowing how it works.

Ervin will fight both problems. Announcement of the hearings has forced a detailed investigation within the Army which should produce a better picture of surveillance activity, and when Ervin gets the Army brass on the stand, he should be able to squeeze the truth out of them. A Southern conservative, he is head of the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee and has a reputation for tenaciously defending individual liberty against government attacks.

The hearings were set after Ervin had sent several batches of letters to the Army and got only double talk in response. The first round of letters is typical. In January, *The Washington Monthly* ran an article exposing several data banks, including a computerized one at Fort Holabird, Md. Ervin (and fifty other Congressmen) fired off inquiries. In response, the Army unplugged the Holabird computer, and on February 25, Army general counsel Robert Jordan wrote Ervin: "No computer data bank of civilian disturbance information is [now] being maintained." That statement illustrates both problems: it is dishonest, and it reflects a lack of knowledge.

Dishonesty: Another data bank, mentioned in the general counsel's letter, turned out to be computer-indexed. That may not be a "computer data bank" to Jordan, but it surely is to most laymen.

Ignorance: There really was another computer data bank about which Jordan did not know.

Actually, even the Army heads did not accept Jordan's statement. Less than two weeks after he had written to Ervin, Army Secretary Stanley Resor began the Great Data Bank Hunt. He asked all Army commanders "to report whether their command has any form of computerized data bank relating to civilians."

Five months passed, during which the Army repeatedly denied the existence of other data banks. Then in August an Army official called Ervin to report that the Great Data Bank Hunt had been successful—it found another, at Fort Hood, Tex.

Some people might ask why it took five months for the Army to find its own computer, but in the history of this issue, such a delay is not surprising. At the peak of activity earlier this year, at least three separate Army groups were operating computer data banks, in addition to the one at Fort Hood. Each was oblivious of the others, and all were collecting the same data.

Civilian Army heads found out about these three data

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banks from the article in the January *Washington Monthly* and a subsequent brief Army investigation. The real effect of that article was to increase efficiency: the Army brass selected the best of the three, the computer-indexed data bank maintained by the Counterintelligence Analysis Division (CIAD), and closed the other two. When the Fort Hood data bank was found later, it was also closed as redundant.

Even after this cleanup, many other data banks remain: more than 300 small noncomputerized data banks at various Army intelligence headquarters throughout the country and fourteen medium-size regional files, all containing data on civilian political activity.

Why are these data banks necessary? Under Secretary of the Army Thaddeus Beal explained: "The time needed to move troops to a civil disturbance area . . . requires that the Department of the Army keep itself informed in advance as to potential situations where troops may be necessary.

"In addition [the Army] must be in a position to analyze information in order to prepare necessary civil disturbance plans" and "must determine cities where there is a high potential for violence."

To this end, the Army collects vast amounts of information on civilian political activity. Supplementing outside sources, 1,000 Army intelligence officers make reports from the field. The main job of these officers is to run security checks on Army recruits and civilian Army employees, but Jordan admits that 6 per cent of their time (the equivalent of sixty full-time agents) is spent on civil disturbance work. Activities of the agents have included: infiltrating a church youth group in Colorado, attending high school protests, and copying confidential records at Columbia University.

The Army assumes that riots are caused by agitators, and information on those it deems the 5,000 top agitators is collected in the CIAD data bank. For this, file cabinets will not suffice. In the Hoffman Building, 3601 Eisenhower Drive, Alexandria, Va., agents microfilm the relevant items and compile a computerized index. This is the file that contains dossiers on Julian Bond, Coretta King, Pete Seeger and Judy Collins. Jane Fonda joined the select group last summer, apparently because she was with a group of 100 Indians on March 9, when they attempted to liberate Fort Lawton, Wash., to set up an Indian cultural center. Statements in support of the Panthers may also have fattened her file.

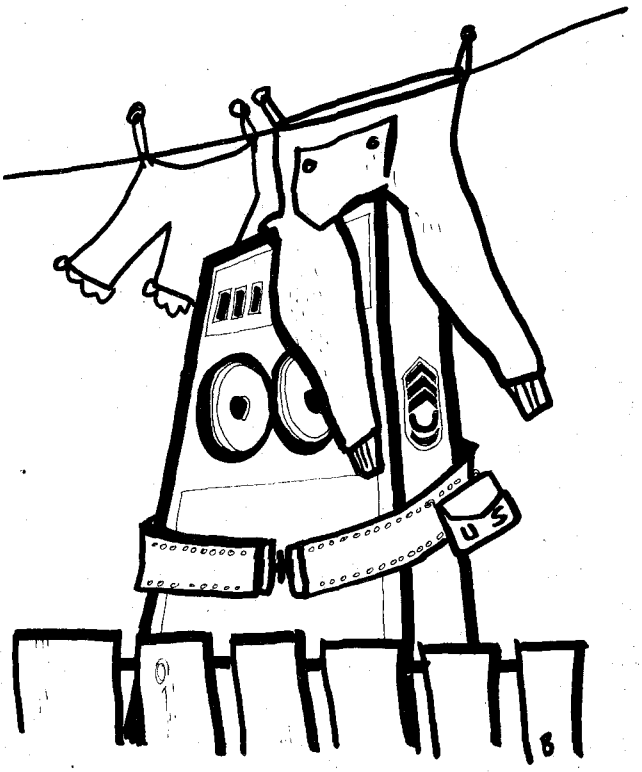
Widespread criticism has not checked the Army's curiosity as to civilian behavior, but last summer, Col. Robert Lynch, Acting Adjutant General, did issue a new set of guidelines for data collection. Ervin was not satisfied, charging that the guidelines contain many inconsistencies: "In some cases, the last half of his [Lynch's] sentences seem to cancel out the first half of his sentences."

The guidelines state that under no circumstances will the Army "acquire, report, process, or store civil disturbance information on civilian individuals or organizations whose activities cannot, in a *reasonably direct* manner, be related to a *distinct threat* of civil disturbance exceeding the law enforcement capabilities of local and state authorities, except as authorized in paragraphs 8 and 9d."

But, Ervin noted, paragraph 9d appears to nullify completely this restriction. It allows spot reports of civil disturbances which "may contain names of individuals or organizations that were directly involved in the civil disturbance being reported."

Elsewhere in the guidelines, a "civil disturbance" is defined as "a situation in which a civil jurisdiction is required to apply a greater than usual degree of law enforcement to maintain law and order." Commented Ervin: "This, it might be presumed, could include the assignment of one more police officer than usual when there is a football game in town."

The biggest loophole, however, comes at the end of the guidelines. The last section states: "The collection, reporting, processing, and storage of information relating to . . . counterintelligence operations, and . . . related to direct threats to Army personnel . . . are not affected by this letter." Since the Army has justified its entire civilian surveillance program as being necessary to protect troops that might be called to fight a riot, this section



effectively exempts all present reporting from the guidelines!

Just to cover itself, however, the Army has also transferred control of the computer-indexed data bank containing Jane Fonda, et al., from the Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operation to the Counterintelligence Analysis Division, thus assuring that counterintelligence, not civil disturbance rules will apply.

Ervin has been holding privacy invasion hearings into the invasion of privacy long enough to know that one set of hearings will not end Army surveillance of civilians. But the hearings are the beginning of a drive to curb what he calls the Army's "deterrent power over the individual rights of American citizens." □

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A TENTATIVE OBITUARY

GEORGE A. CODDING, Jr.

Mr. Codding is professor of political science at the University of Colorado, and the author of The University Postal Union.

There is an excellent chance that by 1975 it will cost 25¢ to send a first-class letter within the United States, and that by 1980 it will cost $1. Two major factors contribute to this prediction. The first is the custom that has grown up over the years to make first-class mail pay for the deficits incurred by other classes of mail, especially junk mail. By itself, the new Postal Reform Bill will not change that custom. The Postal Rate Commission is specifically ordered to take into account the effect of a rate increase on "business mail users"; another provision gives consideration to "the degree of preparation of mail for delivery into the postal system performed by the mailer." Junk mail will still enjoy special privileges and first-class mail will still pay the bill.

The new postal system is certain to cost more than the old system. Despite some important recent efforts at automation, the postal system that the new Board of Governors will inherit is in serious need of a great deal of new and modern equipment before it can give the public fast and efficient service. It is estimated that the new board must borrow at least $10 million in the next few years to make even a decent start on modernization. In all probability, the cost of this loan will be paid mainly by the patron of first-class mail.

The more important pressure for higher fees, however, will come from the postman himself. If nothing else the big postal strike of 1970 made it clear to the post office employees, and to a great many other Americans, that there existed a large number of American workmen whose salaries were much lower than those of other wage earners whose contribution to the commonweal is much less. The striking postal worker demanded and received the promise of a hefty pay raise which, admits Postmaster Blount, will come primarily from the anticipated raise in first-class rates. The postman now knows the power of the strike, even one which is not necessarily legal. If the new postal system does not provide him with what he considers a living wage, we may be sure that he will strike again, and again. Because of customary practices, then, and the built-in weaknesses in the Postal Reform Bill, we shall soon be paying 8¢ for a first-class letter, and according to Postmaster Blount there will be more to come.

It may be a consolation to know that there are inherent limits beyond which this cannot be expected to go. The postal system is essentially an 18th-century phenomenon, an outgrowth of the discovery of the printing press, the general extension of education, and the expansion of commerce. The whole idea of writing out a letter, handing it to someone who carries it across the country or even a town, gives it to its intended recipient who must then open it and read it before he gets the message, is anomalous in the electronic age. It is inefficient and wasteful of time and energy. The process has been kept alive long beyond its time because it carries out a number of other functions demanded over the years, including making informational and educational media available to a wide range of users, providing mail services at a reasonable price to people living in isolated areas and, of course, subsidizing the businesses which engage in the use of junk mail—plus the obvious political considerations. The junk-mail user has not been alone in receiving this bounty. Every major innovation in transportation, from the diligence to the jet airplane, has received help from the postal service.

In the past, postage rate increases to pay for these various functions were small, but as they continue to rise under the new system, the time is bound to come when the attention of the electronic industry will be forcibly drawn to the mails. At 5¢ a message, there was little incentive to think seriously of competing with the post office. At 50¢ or $1, the situation is quite different. What form this new communication system will take when it comes is still uncertain. Perhaps the present user of first-class mail will be wooed away from the post office by the telephone in one of its more advanced forms, such as the picture telephone, or by improved teleprinter or phototelegraphy systems [see "The Wired Nation" by Ralph Lee Smith, *The Nation*, May 18, 1970].

The big postal strike of 1970, then, marks the possible beginning of an entirely new era in communication, the full implications of which will not develop for some time. One possibility is that the postal system will be forced to give up the entire function now provided in first-class mail, including airmail, and to concentrate almost entirely in areas where the time of delivery is of no great importance. If this occurs, the post office will have to assume a secondary role to the electronic communication industry; the relationship would be similar to that today between air transport and ocean transport, or the barge and the truck. Whether such a system will have any real place in the scheme of things is an open question. If the events suggested here actually occur, the new system may be only a holding operation, pending suspension of the whole postal apparatus in the not distant future.

Despite possible dangers, it is too late to turn back the clock. The postal strike of 1970 is a fact, as is Public Law 91-375 which provides for the major overhaul of the postal system. The fate of the letter as we have known it, and perhaps the postal system itself in the United States, lies in the hands of an as yet unnamed and untried eleven-member Board of Governors of the new United States Postal Service and its independent companion body, the five-man Postal Rate Commission. The President has a heavy responsibility to name to these two bodies individuals of the highest caliber and with a true interest in the national welfare. □

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The records in the occupied building were critical. The practices of the past simply provided no reliable protection for the present. The record of destructiveness was a fact, and to ignore it or pretend that it was irrelevant to the situation that night would have been grossly irresponsible. The university was not threatened by the police, as Mr. Stern alleges. The decisions taken were the product of judgments made on the best available information. One might argue, as Mr. Stern does, that events proved those judgments wrong. My own view is that it is too early to know, and that in any case, they were the right judgments at the time and in that context. . . .

I do not know what the future holds. Mr. Stern does: "As long as the Stanford Board of Trustees can be linked with American imperialism and the manufacture of arms, and as long as students feel that the board holds the real power on the campus, there will be violence." Since that case can always be made to the satisfaction of some, and since what students will feel is notoriously unpredictable, that is indeed an ominous prediction. Even more ominous is the acceptance of the prospect of violence under the guise of understanding that I see in Mr. Stern's prediction. . . .

Robert M. Rosenzweig, Associate Provost

Palo Alto, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Rosenzweig is writing you directly to retract his comment that no trustee meeting took place on April 8.* As for the second paragraph of his letter, let me state quite simply that Mr. Rosenzweig does not understand what the community of consent means. It does not (or did not, since the community of consent lies in ashes at present) give *carte blanche* to any disruptive action. I clearly indicate in my article that police were called to campus in 1969 to end the Encina sit-in, but I include this action in the community of consent because of the manner in which it was carried out.

What is relevant to the community of consent in the 1968 Old Union sit-in and the 1969 AEL sit-in is that the university did not blindly appeal to the police for expulsion of the students from those buildings. University officials made clear that they were behaving with reason and were striving to obtain clear-cut goals with acceptable tactics; they kept cool. Such "cool" was not present at critical moments in 1970.

The point of my article is to *praise* Stanford's crisis management in 1968 and 1969. There were many administrative, faculty, student and alumni elements dissatisfied with administrative tolerance of these sit-ins. My point is that the administration kept a cool head and dealt reasonably with a tricky situation. Such reasoned action contributed to the community of consent, where a "law and order" move, which Reagan and the right wing would have loved, might well have provoked violent reprisal. . . .

I must correct Mr. Rosenzweig once again when he comments on the police action of April 23-24. It was *not* clear that the police would charge the Old Union, arresting everyone they could grab or club down. The officer who addressed the crowd at 6:02 P.M. (I have the tape of his talk) said that he didn't want to arrest anyone, but that arrests would be used if students failed to leave the building of their own accord. Most persons believed that, when a substantial body of police arrived, the demonstrators would have the choice of leaving or of submitting to arrest. They had in mind the precedent of Encina Hall, where the students voted to come out and did so, as the police stood by. Mr. Rosenzweig does not mention this precedent in his letter.

More significant is the administration's . . . blind refusal to follow the politics of the protest movement. Mr. Rosenzweig states: "The April 23 sit-in had been preceded by three weeks of 'trashing' and large-scale night actions between students and police." The record is more subtle. Most of the trashing occurred between March 31 and April 10. By this latter date, new leadership had asserted itself over the movement. No major trashing took place between that time and the post-bust violence of the early hours of April 24. The provocative Jerry Rubin talk on April 14, which urged violence of all sorts, was not followed by action. The April 19 meeting, which laid down the strategy for the next week, culminating in the Old Union sit-in on the 23rd, patently opposed militant action before the sit-in, because the nonviolent forces were now in command of the movement. The administration ignored, or did not perceive, the changing politics and tactics of the Off-ROTC movement. Had it done so, it could have reverted to tactics such as those I suggest in my article: stationing of uniformed campus policemen in the building, and replacement by either private guards or by willing faculty members of these policemen on their beats that night. Mr. Rosenzweig does not point out that the vital records in the Old Union building are student records, transcripts and the like, and not administrative documents or electronic warfare materials. The risk to these student records was rather minimal, compared to the risk to documents in Encina Hall or the Applied Electronics Laboratory.

My "allegation" about police threats has been backed up by statements coming from university officials. Mr. Rosenzweig states that he did not have knowledge of these threats. It has been a hectic year—I wouldn't expect him or any single administration member to recall everything that was said on that occasion.

As to the rightness or wrongness of the decision to call in the police and to *countenance police tactics,* I don't feel that the decision can be defended, for the following reasons. (*1*) It didn't work; $40,000 damage was done to the campus by furious students after the raid. The arrests provoked more violence, not less. (*2*) There was no legal basis for making the arrests, since no article of the penal code had been violated. All cases resulting from the sit-in arrests were dismissed *before* trial when the deputy district attorneys admitted that they could not prosecute successfully. . . . It would be helpful if those people who shout law and order would follow it themselves in the future. . . . Stanford employees James Siena and Frank Newman have supported a revision of the trespass law which was successfully adopted by the California legislature in August, so that future anti-sit-in action by police will be legal.

As for the future, I can only report the impression created by this past spring. If an imaginative and flexible administration can keep its eyes and ears open, if the top officials of the university can shed their pious self-righteousness, or resign, and if the Board of Trustees of this essentially fine university can understand the students, then perhaps the community of consent can be rebuilt. . . . If Stanford's leaders can bring about qualitative change in addition to restoring good crisis management, then my ominous predictions will be proved wrong, as I hope they will be. I merely reported what I heard from the students. I hope the men at the top are not too detached from student feeling to understand what's going on.

Peter S. Stern

* Mr. Rosenzweig has written the editors to say that the Board of Trustees did indeed meet on April 8, 1969, and, he says, "took four actions concerning the issue most agitating the campus, the future of SRI. It should be noted that April 8 was, as I said, a week before the faculty-student-administrative committee considering the issue was scheduled to report, hence the board could not have taken conclusive action on the matter."

He concludes: "In view of the fact that the SRI study had not been completed, and further in view of the board's action pending completion of the study, I stand by my conclusion that the intent of the sit-in was primarily coercive and not in redress of unanswered grievances."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Mandelstams

HOPE AGAINST HOPE. *By Nadezhda Mandelstam. Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward. With an Introduction by Clarence Brown. Atheneum Publishers. 393 pp. $10.*

ANSELM HOLLO

Mr. Hollo, who is currently teaching in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Iowa, is the author of several volumes of poems including the coherences *(Trigram Press) and* MAYA: works 1959-1969 *(Grossman Publishers). He is the translator of* The Twelve by Aleksandr Blok (Gnomon Press).

> Mandelstam was a tragic figure. Even while in exile, he wrote works of untold beauty and power. And he had no poetic forerunners. . . . In all of world poetry, I know of no other such case. We know the sources of Pushkin and Blok, but who will tell us where that new, divine harmony came from, Mandelstam's poetry?

Thus wrote Anna Akhmatova, a lifelong friend and admirer of Osip Mandelstam, and a rare poet herself, whose *Selected Poems*, translated by Richard McKane, I reviewed in *The Nation* of December 15, 1969. The quotation is from "Excerpts from the Journal of A. A.," reprinted in Olga Carlisle's anthology, *Poets on Street Corners*.

Although an American edition of *The Prose of Osip Mandelstam*, translated by Clarence Brown, was published here in 1965, comparatively little of his poetry is available in translation. About thirty of his poems, translated or adapted by various hands, including Robert Lowell's, appear in the Carlisle anthology, and a couple more are in W. S. Merwin's *Selected Translations*. For me, Merwin's versions come closest to the unprecedented quality of Mandelstam's work, as described by Akhmatova and other readers of the originals. For example, Renato Poggioli: "The artists to whom Mandelstam may be likened are to be found in fields other than that of the verbal arts. He recalls Giorgio de Chirico, at least in the latter's attempt to represent classical landscapes or old Italian squares as both tragic and melodramatic décors" *(The Poets of Russia 1890-1930)*.

After tea we went out into the great brown garden.
Dark blinds are dropped like eyelashes on the windows.
We move along the white columns looking at grapes. Beyond them air glass has been poured over the drowsing mountains.

(Mandelstam/Merwin)

Friend and fellow poet Viktor Shklovski, sympathetically described in *Hope Against Hope*, once called Mandelstam "a fly of marble"—a conceit later paraphrased into "a moth wearing gloves" by another, hostile, Russian practitioner. Mandelstam's poetry, although initially "distinguished by its classical restraint, majestic conciseness, and sonority" (Dimitri Obolensky), exists in a world of its own that has few points of reference in common with the work of his famous contemporaries—say, of Mayakovsky or Pasternak. The four wings of Mandelstam's early lyricism—the kind for which he became most, though only briefly, famed—are melancholy and invention, nostalgia and prophecy:

The pin-prick of the last star vanishes without pain,
morning will tap at the shutter, a gray swallow,
and the slow day, like an ox that wakes on straw,
will lumber out from its long sleep to cross the rough haycocks.

(Mandelstam/Merwin)

Mandelstam was born in the Jewish quarter of Warsaw in 1891, but spent most of his mature life in St. Petersburg (the "Petropolis" of his poems) and Moscow. "His earliest fame as a poet is connected with *Apollon*," Clarence Brown tells us in the introduction, "one of the elegant journals of art and literature that adorned the revival of Russian taste around the turn of the century, and above all with a group of young poets who called themselves 'Acmeists.' They were in varying degrees willingly dominated by Nikolai Gumilev . . . [who] with Anna Akhmatova and Osip Mandelstam formed the trio whose work will save Acmeism from the transiency of many another such casual association. . . . The cumulative appearance of his [Mandelstam's] work in verse, criticism and prose makes 1928 the 'height' of his career."

Only five years after this "annus mirabilis," Osip Mandelstam wrote and recited to a few friends a poem which promptly brought its author to the attention of the Soviet secret police. It is a portrait, somewhat like an extended "Personae" poem by Ezra Pound, only its subject is not some languid lady in Kensington Gardens but The Man himself. Stalin:

His boot tops shine,
his cockroach mustache is laughing.

About him, the great, his thin-necked, drained advisors.
He plays with them. He is happy with half-men around him.

They make touching and funny animal sounds,
He alone talks Russian.

One after another, his sentences hit like horseshoes! He
pounds them out. He always hits the nail, the balls.

After each death, he is like a Georgian tribesman,
putting a raspberry in his mouth.

(From the adaptation by Robert Lowell)

For this, Mandelstam was arrested and sent to the infamous Lyubyanka Prison; released, banished, ostracized and starved, verbs which affected him and his wife in a most non-metaphorical way. Arrested once again in the spring of 1938, he was sent to his death on the way to, or in, a concentration camp, either later that year or perhaps in 1939 or even 1940.

It was not enough merely to swat the "marble fly" turned grandiose caricaturist: his wings had to be torn out one by one, his brilliant, introverted mind severely damaged, the last six (or seven) years of his life turned into a paranoid nightmare that makes Kafka's constructions seem like accurate, but faded blueprints for a model life in the 20th century. And yet, as we are told by Nadezhda Mandelstam in her long and compelling account of those years, it was a time of continuous creation, invention, expansion of the poet's range and forms.

> After he married me he became very lazy and always dictated his verse to me, instead of writing it down himself. . . . He was possessed by the feeling that he must hurry or he would be cut short and not allowed to say what he still wanted to say. . . . The poems poured out of him, one after another. He worked on several at once, and he often asked me to take down at one sitting two or three which he

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had already completed in his head. . . . Each time I copied out a new poem, M. would count up the lines and decide how much he had "earned" at the highest current rates of payment. . . . When we had thus added up his "earnings" for the day, we would go out to borrow money for our supper on the strength of them. We got money like this from some of the actors, the compositors at the local printing works, and sometimes from two professors we knew. . . . We generally arranged to meet them in some deserted side street, where, like conspirators, we walked slowly past each other while they slipped us an envelope with their offering of money.

As those sentences from *Hope Against Hope* indicate, it is well-nigh impossible to approach this book as a "literary" work, or even as a potential addition to the reading lists for seminars in Russian Literature (although it deserves the Nobel Prize, and will certainly be incorporated in those lists). It is a vast and painstaking document of two people's lives in a doomed society ruled by fear and paranoia, a record astonishing in its essential sanity. Nadezhda Mandelstam had an indestructible interest in human beings and in what makes them tick: reams of gossip, as it were, but gossip that becomes deep and touching exactly because the great majority of its subjects were being reduced to chronic hypocrisy, treachery and general ethical imbecility by the mind-warping system they had to exist in.

Many of my contemporaries who accepted the Revolution went through a severe psychological crisis. They were trapped between a reality which could only be condemned and the need for a principle by which to justify it. . . . Many of them had awaited the Revolution all their lives, but at the sight of what it meant in terms of everyday life, they were horrified and looked away. . . . A number of terms such as "honor" and "conscience" went out of use at this time—concepts like these were easily discredited, now the right formula had been found. It was characteristic of those years that all such concepts were treated as pure abstractions, divorced from the actual social and human framework which alone gave them substance. This made it all the easier to dismiss them out of hand: nothing was simpler, for example, than to show that nowhere in the world is there such a thing as absolute freedom of the press, and then to conclude that instead of making do with the wretched substitutes fobbed off on us by liberals, it was better to face up to the situation like a man and abandon all this hankering after "Freedom."

In the journal previously referred to, Anna Akhmatova says that she never saw "anything like" Osip and Nadia Mandelstam's relationship in all her life: "Osip loved Nadia extraordinarily, incredibly much. He didn't let her out of his sight, he didn't allow her to work, he was wildly jealous, he asked her for advice about every word of his poems."

Reading this book, it all seems credible. In his later poems, those composed in conditions of exile, near starvation, lack of privacy and lack of any companionship beyond his wife's, Mandelstam strikes chords that remind this reader of the works of another great poet of this century, César Vallejo of Peru, with whom Mandelstam shared a "misfit's" obsession with shoes:

How beautifully the butchered infantry sings,
how beautifully the night sings,
over the thick smile of Good Soldier Schweik,
over Don Quixote's frail bird leg of a lance,
over the birdlike rushes of the robber barons.
The cripple makes friends with the runner,
both will have work enough on their hands,
and the crutches beat with the dry clatter
of rain against the century's caterpillar wheels—

(From "The Unknown Soldier," adapted by Robert Lowell)

In the book's final chapters Nadezhda Mandelstam details what she has been able to find out about the circumstances surrounding her husband's death. These fragmentary narratives, brought to her by survivors from transit and concentration camps, provide a strangely appropriate conclusion: after so much physical and spiritual proximity, such a tremendous suffering-close-together, there comes suddenly a vast, mythical *distance*; the two halves of what certainly is one of Russia's most original poets are separated, seen as receding from each other across a desert of time and pain.

Here is an unforgettable glimpse, transmitted by one of Mrs. Mandelstam's more trustworthy informants, of the poet sitting in a barracks loft in the camp of Kolyma, surrounded by nonpolitical, i.e., "criminal," fellow prisoners:

The loft was lit by a candle. In the middle stood a barrel on which there was an opened can of food and some white bread. For the starving camp this was an unheard-of luxury. . . .

FOR OSIP MANDELSTAM (1891-1938)

my age, my beast, who is there
can look you in the eye
& who can cause his blood to flow through & join
the wrecked vertebrae of this tribe?
****
numbers of twisted
days linked together:

a flute & a spine in the grass
****
angry motor speeds through gloom
cries out, like cuckoo

from gallery on to stalls
programme is fluttering down, like dove
****
who needs a pass for the night who fears
the man with the needle whose master
is the beast
****
as long as there's life in it,
the creature must haul its backbone on to the end.
****
no one could ever tempt us to trade it in:
not for a dozen galaxies,
with life everlasting thrown in

at the very end,
in lethal darkness,
we'll remember it.
****
because we buried the sun there,
we shall meet again in that city.
****
(through the incredible static of time-place-language, VII:70)

Anselm Hollo

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Sitting with the criminals was a man with a gray stubble of beard, wearing a yellow leather coat. He was reciting verse which L. recognized. It was Mandelstam. The criminals offered him bread and the canned stuff and he calmly helped himself and ate. Evidently he was only afraid to eat food given him by his jailers. He was listened to in complete silence and sometimes asked to repeat a poem.

The works of Catullus survived by what seems like a fluke, a happy accident: Osip Mandelstam's poems, especially his later, still uncollected and unpublished ones, exist in this world only thanks to the relentless devotion of one woman, whose share in their actual writing was considerable and whose accomplishment in their preservation—by committing them to memory, by devising an elaborate system of hiding places for the manuscripts, by simply staying alive—is equaled only by her other labor of love, the writing of this book. She is certainly one of the great women in this century. □

The Realms of Gold

THE LOSS OF EL DORADO. *By V. S. Naipaul. Alfred A. Knopf. 341 pp. $7.50.*

ALAN CHEUSE
Mr. Cheuse teaches literature at Bennington College.

A good history of the Caribbean region is an especially difficult work to write. Life there possesses what Alejo Carpentier has described as a "marvelous reality" that embraces the surreal, mythic and magical. For example, in the 16th century, the Indians believed the conquistadores to be gods on horseback, and the conquerors imagined that they had found a continent inhabited by men—to quote Shakespeare, awarding to Othello a line from Sir Walter Raleigh—"whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The Indians soon lost their faith, their lives and their land to the Spaniards, while the triumphant Europeans continued to believe in such wonders as a spring whose waters would keep men virile even into the far reaches of old age, and in a king whose lands yielded up gold enough for him to use it as bath powder. The latter legend the Indians invented, hoping it would lure the invaders beyond their homelands; ironically, it drew more and more aliens to their shores. This fantastic vision of America as a virgin with a heart of gold, this deformed and early capitalist version of Eden, provides the Trinidadian novelist V. S. Naipaul with the framework for his sorrowful and resonant history of the colonization of Trinidad and its environs (which included modern Guyana and parts of Venezuela), then known as the Province of El Dorado.

The product of painstaking research and a creative imagination, this study resounds beyond the boundaries of its genre. Naipaul portrays the action of Caribbean conquest as a movement from medieval adventure to bourgeois trading and shopkeeping. It begins with the dream of the conquistador Antonio de Berrio, who crossed the Atlantic in 1580 at the age of 60, seeking the fabled kingdom of El Dorado, a "cold, high city with temples full of gold." The city lay somewhere near the headwaters of the Orinoco and had been founded by the survivors of the Inca Empire, previously destroyed by the first wave of Spanish soldiers of fortune. Or so went one version of the tale. Although Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, became his fiefdom as a by-blow to his quest, Berrio's plan to found the third major holding in the New World, after Mexico and Peru, came to grief. The British adventurer Raleigh appeared on the scene with ships and men and guns; he sacked Port-of-Spain and discredited Berrio, hoping to establish a base for English empire in the Guiana region. But at the same time he took up the Spaniard's quest, sending an expedition up the Orinoco in search of the kingdom of "the gilded one."

The British soldiers spied no golden kingdoms, but Raleigh, like Cortés and Bernal Díaz before him, described the other natural riches of the continent in appealing, sensuous terms which promised that the earthly paradise still lay in wait for the expeditious European: "I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys; the rivers winding into divers branches; the plains . . . all green grass . . . the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes . . . and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion." This was the theme of the account he wrote when he returned to England, a work entitled the *Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana: with A Relation of the great and gold City of Manoa.*

Raleigh's account is one of the fabulous and neglected documents of the American past, a lush romance on the theme of the conquest which not only kept alive the myth of El Dorado but reinfected the author himself. Twenty years later, Raleigh talked his way out of the Tower of London, to which James I had sent him for "treason," convinced that his romance was a realistic account of his crew's search for the American realm of gold. He gambled his head that he would find El Dorado if he were freed, and he lost. Naipaul brings down the curtain on the first act of his historical drama by announcing that, with the failure of Raleigh's attempt to find the legendary gold, "The New World as medieval adventure had come to an end."

Naipaul's first accomplishment stands revealed: he has carefully depicted the complex nature of these early imperialist ventures with their strange combinations of high heroics and rapine, idealism and greed, and the sometimes forced, sometimes natural, innocence which perpetuated the Europeans' faith in legends and Edens. The second section of his work treats the 200 years of indolence in which Trinidad, forgotten by Spain, "dropped out of history." Naipaul here shows a masterful use of commonplace detail for dramatic purposes. When he describes how "five shiploads of French buccaneers came to Port-of-Spain in 1684 to look for the gold of El Dorado," he tells that they took away not only "all the Negroes" but "the governor's silver inkhorns" as well; to enhance his picture of Spanish imperialism at low tide, Naipaul offers the population figure of the year 1711 (150, not counting slaves) and supplies the dollar value for the year's (blighted) cacao crop: $231. The conquest business had entered the doldrums, and some bureaucrat in Madrid—on a cost-effectiveness team, no doubt—changed Trinidad's future by severing the island from the South American mainland province of El Dorado.

When Port-of-Spain enters history once again, the bourgeoisie is writing it. Three storms rip across the Caribbean, the American, French and black revolutions, and, by 1791, Trinidad had become the refuge of the French plantation owners who were driven from Haiti by their ex-slaves. By 1797, it had been seized by the British, liberal conquerors who wished only to keep the island safe for commerce and as a haven for the exporting of its own brand of revolutionaries to the Spanish-held mainland. These same British, represented by their Governor, Thomas Picton, found the gold

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of El Dorado. It lay not in easily accessible mines or a legendary kingdom but in the labor stolen from the enslaved black men and women who worked Trinidad's plantations. The previous rulers, the Spaniards, had passed laws protecting the black men, and then ignored the laws. Picton made terror against black men not only the rule but the law. What remained of the dream of Eden had finally become a prosperous business venture for white men, and a tropical hell for blacks.

Picton was eventually brought to London to answer for his atrocities—flogging, the rack, burning Negroes at the stake—but he survived his trial to become a hero at Waterloo. Trinidad, after his rule, remained a stagnant society whose twin ideals were cash and racism, a nation, Naipaul shows us, whose inhabitants chose not to think of their past except as

> a fairytale about Columbus and a fairytale about the strange customs of the aboriginal Caribs and Arawaks . . . a fairytale not so much about slavery as about its abolition, the good defeating the bad. It was the only way the tale could be told. Any other version would have ended in ambiguity and alarm.

Naipaul speaks here with authority because he has told the tale in another way and ends it with ambiguity and alarm: Indian civilizations turned to dust, the fabulous kingdom of El Dorado to airy nothing, the bones of slaves scattered about, all the island's yesterdays not a myth but a dream of a myth. His final vision of Trinidad is not so much that of a fallen world as a simplistic and provincial haven for dreamers. One wonders if perhaps it will disappear, like the Macondo of Gabriel García Márquez, when one reads the last line of its history. Naipaul has had to reconstruct the history of Port-of-Spain from its hundreds of years of daily routine. He has made it marvelously real, a history which joins the work of Germán Arciniegas, C.L.R. James, Fernando Ortiz, and Carpentier in the first rank of Caribbean studies. □

Three English Novels

THE DRIVER'S SEAT. *By Muriel Spark. Alfred A. Knopf. 128 pp. $4.95.*

THE GREEN MAN. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 253 pp. $5.95.*

A WINTER IN THE HILLS. *By John Wain. Viking Press. 384 pp. $6.95.*

DEBORAH LINDERMAN

Miss Linderman, who has taught English at Wayne State and been an editor for the American Sociological Association, is at present teaching abroad in the European Division of the University of Maryland.

Muriel Spark's latest book is a brief, elegant novella which progresses toward its last catastrophe with an admirable economy of means. Those who know her earlier works will find the technique familiar; her surprises are pre-announced and then systematically reduced until there is only one left—like Sandy's betrayal of Jean Brodie, or the fire that finishes the girls of slender means. Her comedy has always subsisted among undercurrents of madness, destruction and sexual repression, which rise up as unexpectedly as they do in life. Here, however, they are consistently in full view, and are embodied in a plot so pure that its climax ensues like an immutable truth. The Driver's Seat of the title is in fact a witty way of saying that the heroine who engineers this climax, and whom it befalls, knows exactly what she is doing from the start. So, of course, does the author.

Mrs. Spark has a reputation for being one of those deadly women writers: her novels are supposed to be "lacking in pity." Christopher Ricks has said that she absolutely guts her characters and that her talent is only in the power of the perfunctory, in wit rather than sympathy. In the present book, the amputation of feeling is perfectly explicit, but its effect is almost to demonstrate what sympathies are being controlled. The author's perspective is cosmically cool and fantastic; she knows no more about her protagonist, Lise, than does the reader: "She might be as young as twenty-nine or as old as thirty-six, but hardly older, hardly younger." She follows this woman, another of her slightly bizarre lunatics, through a day's grotesque project, narrating only its circumstances, leaving all motive, all emotion, all inner plan to be inferred. The result is a long, elusive joke that casts as deep an irony on life's arbitrariness as do the more "compassionate" ironies of, say, E. M. Forster. The heart of the joke is that Lise goes in quest of a disaster that would ordinarily be encountered only by chance or through the unconscious.

Lise has worked in an accounting office since she was 18 and lives alone in a one-room apartment where everything folds neatly in and out of the walls. Somehow, she can speak four languages, but otherwise has no background, and certainly no future. During the "present" adventures that she creates during her single day in Naples, she makes up her life—indeed herself—as she goes along. She carries on garrulously in the four languages, but is tormented in an odd, intense way. The preoccupation of this day is, as she announces to a woman in the airport, to see her boy friend, or rather, as she next says, to find him.

As she boards the plane, she scans her fellow passengers carefully and chooses a rosy-cheeked businessman to sit beside. Someone else chooses her—a Yin and Yang expert named Bill who is going to Naples to start a macrobiotic health program. She settles down between them, Bill puts his hand on her knee, the businessman suddenly "recognizes" her and changes his seat, gasping. We find out why later. Bill consoles her by saying, "He wasn't your type. I'm your type."

From one moment to the next, everything Lise does is unrelated to the thing before. Nevertheless, she is in the driver's seat. Once in Naples, she encounters, among others, a faintly senile old woman named Mrs. Fiedke and they go on an erratic shopping trip together. Lise makes several queer purchases, but they and Mrs. Fiedke ultimately make sense. Mrs. Fiedke is expecting her nephew to arrive by plane. Lise asks if this nephew is her type.

The wit of her style is not the least of Mrs. Spark's comedy. She will repeat a word or phrase, playing with it in different contexts until it accumulates special meanings. Here Lise's "type" is the whole of the matter, and when she finally finds him the event is excruciating.

Muriel Spark's vision is oblique; her clarity underscores life's mysteries, she asserts the relations between time and eternity by juxtaposing poetry and mess. Kingsley Amis, the other of Britain's two funniest writers, handles these same relations in more simple fashion in *The Green Man*, which is of all things a ghost story.

The central problem of this novel is whether a gentleman innkeeper given to whiskey is having hallucinations as a result of delirium tremens, or whether he is in fact haunted. At the beginning of the novel, there is a natural—psychological, physical—explanation for every preternatural occurrence, and one imagines that this is to be a tale of grand doubt like *The Turn of the Screw*. The delicate balance is upset as things wear on, however, and it becomes clear that all such occurrences are to be taken

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as real (in one or another sense of the word).

If writing a ghost story seems a naive thing for a sophisticated writer to do, it must be remembered that Kingsley Amis inherited the rights to the James Bond novels from Ian Fleming and continues to turn them out under a pseudonym, and that he is also a sometime science fiction addict, having done a spirited survey of science fiction in *New Maps of Hell*. It appears that a taste for the impossible and the spectacular has usurped this otherwise Amis-like novel about death, sex and morality.

The alcoholic innkeeper, Maurice Allington, who has a coach house near Cambridge, struggles with—in addition to the ghost of one of its former owners—the difficulties of running it, of communicating with his withdrawn adolescent daughter, and of maintaining a hearty sex life. He is already skittish from twenty years of compulsive drinking, and on the death of his father he goes to pieces. Or at least his family and his doctor attribute his visions (to which they are immune) to the strain of coping with death.

Coping with death, however, doesn't affect his lusts at all, and his taste for exotic experience as much as his drinking or his father's death makes him vulnerable to the ghost. This ghost, a Dr. Thomas Underhill, had been a 17th-century scholar and sex maniac. He decides to revive himself now in 1968 because Allington is a uniquely sensitive innkeeper and also has an adolescent daughter. The doctor has never done his dirty work single-handedly and a whole slew of his cohorts are revived as well.

Running alongside this ordeal of horror is a domestic morality fable. Allington is a heel in the manner of most of Amis' bastard heroes; he uses women badly, is hypochondriacal, rancorous about losing his youth, negligent toward his family, and denigrating of most of the world around him (Amis' attitude toward his characters is difficult: how completely does he partake in their denigrations?).

His experiences with the ghosts are chastening, though. Metaphysical stress helps him to achieve human warmth, and if that is not enough, he also begins dealing rather earnestly in faith and relativity. The poor mortals who have witnessed his extraordinary behavior, and have presumed to be seeing over his head, prove to be people of limited vision—inhuman evil really exists. It is he who is the bearer of a true, if quirky, moral life.

So Amis leaves the room clean when he goes out, an option always held in reserve for the novelist. The moral ending seems an odd one for a story about the supernatural, but maybe it all fits together. Still, it must be said that the many spirits, androids, and what-have-you, labored over as they evidently have been, are simply lacking in terror. (The more effortless aspects of the book do carry all sorts of the sympathy, sexiness and wit that are the nicer part of reading Amis.)

A Winter in the Hills is about a bachelor philologist who goes to Caernarfai in North Wales to learn Welsh, so that he can get a cushy job at the University of Uppsala where he will pursue blondes as well as philology. In the hills, however, he compulsively allies himself with a hunchback whose livelihood and manhood are threatened by a local racketeer. His doggedness pays off, and even love takes a turn in this place where life is raw and primitive. Everything ends much too nicely; at best, Wain is atmospheric about Wales. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

At first sight the Francis Picabia retrospective (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum) looks normal, like other surveys of decent but not towering artists, such as Alfred Sisley, Albert Gleizes or Yves Tanguy. Theirs is an art of interest and vivacity, but not of consensual greatness. Picabia's early development from Neo-Impressionism to Cubism to Dada is shown step by step. The sequence is cogent and the progress of the artist matches the march of the movements, giving a pleasant sense of historical inevitability. In the early 1920s, however, Picabia's art veers in another direction and the Guggenheim's coverage collapses. Three-quarters of the hundred-odd paintings and drawings shown are earlier than 1922; and the remaining quarter is a perfunctory sample of the last thirty-five years of Picabia's life.

Picabia is an artist whose life is particularly vulnerable to division according to the strictures of narrow critics. In the present show, for instance, no effort is made to unify Picabia as an *avant-gardist* and Picabia as a playboy of figurative art. The organizer, William A. Camfield, has focused on obviously good works and toned down the dubious and outrageous pieces. By omitting most of the "ugly" later works, he has concocted a genteel Picabia, that might have amused the artist, or perhaps not.

It is clear that Picabia exerted himself in the years 1912-14 as never before or after. He painted a series of large works in which closed Cubist planes were combined with associative erotic themes. These paintings, especially "Udnie" and "Edtaonisl," have a formal probity and anthropomorphic potential which is exceptional. The erotics persist in the next phase, the celebrated proto-Dada and Dadaist machine imagery, in which mechanisms acquire anatomical and psychological analogues. Oddly, given Dada's anti-art reputation, these are the works of Picabia most conformable to 20th-century formal canons (flatness, the machine aesthetic, for example).

The kind of painting that is played down is the figurative work in which Picabia expanded his version of the neo-classic revival of the 1920s. There is a so-called "Monsters" period of ca. 1923-28 and a so-called "Transparencies" period of 1928-32. In both phases parodistic and lyrical elements collide exultantly, and contours, each one intact, overlap and penetrate like double exposures on film. This leads ultimately to a form of popular realism with subjects copied from postcards, ads and magazine illustrations. They are not represented in the exhibition but, with a touch of scholarly conscience, one is reproduced in the catalogue. If Mr. Camfield considers thirty years of his artist's life misspent, it might have been better for him to have arranged a show of the Cubist and Dada periods and left the rest to somebody interested in it. As it is the show ends weakly with an unsupported group of Abstract paintings of the 1940s which really are inconsequential.

I like the abrasive, sardonic, late work a great deal, but whatever one's personal taste a retrospective is an occasion for viewing an *oeuvre*—all of it, not just bits of it. What is needed is an approach to Picabia that does not falsely sectionalize a career that Picabia described, in the title of a retrospective held four years before his death in 1953, as *50 ans de plaisir*. One of the ways in which the figurative paintings can be bound to the earlier work is thematically. The later paintings abound in pagan subject matter and sentimental couples. Take the gouache which the catalogue identifies as a "Sibyl," correcting a previous identification as a "Faun," but which is actually a paraphrase of Titian's "Venus and Adonis." The back-view of Venus is partially absorbed in the departing stance, with arm upraised, of Adonis. To make *jazz-moderne* monsters out of grand humanist themes is

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constant in Picabia's neo-classicism and consistent with his earlier eroticism.

Early Modern art often seemed to its detractors to be mere caricature, and the fact is it often was. The burst of anti-naturalistic styles at the turn of the century was as frequently a deformation of naturalistic art as it was the creation of a new system of forms. For example, the primitivistic drawing of Expressionists and Fauves was a stab at creating primal form, which often issued, essentially, as caricature. Picabia, born in 1879, seems to me to have taken literally this appearance of caricature and made it the substance of his own art. Once he dropped Impressionism, developed under the influence of the Pissarro family, which would be nothing if not serious, Picabia developed his real style. From 1907, the year of a Mistinguett portrait in the present exhibition, his art depends on a terse and uninflected linearism (excepting only the paintings of 1912-14) with posterlike color planes.

I want to be understood: to call Picabia's art caricatural is not intended as a put-down. On the contrary, it is a source of its toughness. Apart from the linear basis of his style, caricature is implicit in his harsh cheerfulness and in his refusal to be subtle. He scorned nuances and the popular notion that art was a set of problems. By means of the banal he could de-sanctify aesthetics and solidify painting. Van Gogh defended clichés in genre painting as a kind of visual folk wisdom; Picabia, in a comparable spirit, sought an impersonal and accessible subject matter, one of known sources and references. His zest for the obvious, however, runs counter to our traditional requirements that art appreciation be esoteric and sensitive. Their persistence is shown by the fact that Mr. Camfield has not been able to overcome them, even under the pressure of Picabia's ebullient art. □

FILM FESTIVAL I

HAROLD CLURMAN

I saw twenty-three "features" in two weeks at the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. Oy!

My first reaction was wrath. However, looking back, I find (apart from several entertaining shorts) that I admired four pictures—*The Wild Child, Days and Nights in the Forest, The Scavengers, Tristana*—and had some regard for *Five Easy Pieces, The Butcher, Kes, Street Scenes 1970, Mistreatment, Harry Munter, The Garden of Delights, The Inheritors.* There were two or three others I did not altogether despise. The record did not then seem as abysmal as I had, to begin with, thought it was going to be.

My initial indignation was inspired by the inclusion in the roster of Godard's *Wind from the East,* Dick Fontaine's *Double Pisces,* Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet's *Othon.* I missed three other presentations, one of which, the Japanese *Chikamatzu Monogatari,* I hope to see at a later date.

This listing indicates at least two prejudices. I dislike esoteric films which, whatever their technical interest, are on their surface (what we actually *see*) immeasurably boring. I prefer straightforward statements (not too remote from "realism") to ambiguity *à la mode.* If these prejudices disqualify me as a movie guide, read no further.

What I object to most of all is the tendency of too many contemporary film makers to imply "psychology" which they do not actually create but assume will be taken for granted because we have all become acquainted with sociological or psychoanalytic tracts and therefore acquiesce in the depiction of sordid behavior as self-explanatory. (A man has been in the Army for fifteen years and, having become a butcher, he is now homicidal. Or since society is now at sixes and sevens, a picture "hero" is understandably, even "forgivably" disaffected from all his fellow men and thus irresponsible.) Then again too many film makers—like a good many *"avant-garde"* playwrights—have retired into ghettos of the mind—which we are presumed to regard as the proper place to dwell.

Godard's *Wind from the East* is filmically a cop-out. If Godard has a message, it is reactionary, no matter what his political position. The title of his latest joke suggests sympathy with Maoism, but Mao would order decapitation for anyone who perpetrated such flummery in his regime. Godard's exhibit is a reversion to the most noxious sort of Dadaism. Our time is too troubled for such farce. *Wind from the East* is wind from the bottom.

Othon is an imbecile "experiment," based on a little-known play by Corneille, and unendurably dull. It is pedantically replete with references to events in the history of ancient Rome—unfamiliar even in France to the general spectator. In the picture, the *dramatis personae* stand in "classic" robes on a terrace overlooking modern Rome, where we see, never with any change of the image, the vehicular traffic of the city. The characters hardly ever move (the camera only occasionally) and mouth Corneille's Alexandrines—some of them in foreign accent—at great speed, like kids who have learned the text by rote. If a French boy at a *lycée* spoke the text in this fashion he would be ejected from class.

All this is supposed to suggest a parallel between the situation (what situation?) as set forth in the play and present-day society. A *New York Times* reviewer speaks of the excellent acting which redeems the film. There is *no* acting, and nothing could save the film, except the committee which chose to show it at the festival.

Robert Hatch has already extolled the virtues of Truffaut's *The Wild Child.* Among other attributes it is one of the few films today which speak of something other than the wretchedness of all living things. That is also true of Satyajit Ray's black and white *Days and Nights in the Forest.* It can hardly be said to have a plot. Four young men

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from Calcutta leave town for a short, carefree holiday in the country. One is a rather foolish, selfish but not ill-natured chap addicted to gambling, another a sports champion; the other two are better-educated fellows of some sensibility.

They encounter members of poor tribes, as well as a family of well-bred and well-to-do folk (a father, his two daughters, a small son) who are also on vacation. One man consorts with a whore; he is also beaten up by a vagrant momentarily employed as a servant, whom he has struck on account of a theft of which the miserable creature is guiltless. Another of the four men, in acute embarrassment, fails to accept the offer of her person by one of the ladies who has been a chaste widow for three years. Still another of the four becomes enamored of a lovely young woman in the family which has befriended them. They all return to the city.

That is it: there is no "meaning" apart from the bare facts. But it is enough. For in this there is tenderness without anything in the least maudlin. The misery of the impoverished is casually observed, grace in the various relationships is always present without being stressed. Ray's modest "document" offers an experience, delicately sorrowful, and yet sweetly humorous. We come close to real people, whose flaws and attractiveness are both Hindu and universal. We become more meritoriously human for having met them.

Ermanno Olmi is a director of exceptional integrity. I have admired all his previous pictures—*The Job, The Fiancés,* as well as the generally less favored film *One Fine Day*—for the honesty, the sobriety, the quiet observation, personal and social understanding, which are once again evident in *The Scavengers.* Perhaps Olmi, like Bresson, will never be a hit director. His work is always understated and without obvious "point."

The Scavengers is a picture of an Italian village during the 1945 aftermath of the war. Most of the population is jobless. But an old codger, a veteran of World War I, shows a young man just returned from the front how a "fortune" is to be made. Buried in the hilltops are abandoned bombs, grenades, etc., which the Austrians left behind in 1918. These weapons may be dismantled and sold as scrap iron, together with the other valuable ingredients. It is illegal, but the young man engages himself as a partner to the jolly and drunken reprobate, who insists his efforts as a scavenger are preferable to working for a boss. The young man, who had been tempted to leave Italy for Australia, learns the special maneuvers required to disinter the hidden riches. But having recognized the fatal dangers involved, and profiting by his country's partial recovery, he accepts an ordinary job in a mill.

I am not certain what the social objective of the picture is; I am sure that its directness in mirroring the situation, the suspense in watching the several steps in the process of discovering and removing the explosive "treasure" from the earth are absorbing. Art does not readily reveal its subliminal secrets. There is a morose but gentle pessimism in Olmi's attitude to labor in modern times: perhaps what Olmi's picture is saying is that among the choices men must make in earning their livelihood there is only "freedom" through unlawful scavenging or a kind of slavery in the menial tasks of industry. But whether this is so or not the picture is good.

With Luis Buñuel's *Tristana* one enters a more shadowy realm, mysterious and possibly disturbing. Buñuel's nature is complex. Visually he is a superb artist. Every shot is rich with the feeling of place: the locale is probably Spanish Toledo in the twenties. The backgrounds are beautiful with an old beauty which bespeaks an experience of life of profound substrata articulated in grave splendor.

I do not cavil at the ambiguity in this film, if in fact it exists. What is puzzling in it does not arise from a partiality to obfuscation or to supposedly "modern" cinematic gimmicks. Buñuel never deliberately injects difficulty into his pictures as a warrant of sophistication or originality. What is dense is Buñuel's soul, and he can do no other than express it as he does, leaving others to interpret it as they may.

Tristana deals with the tragedy in desire. The film's central figure, Don Lope, is an elderly gentleman with an almost quixotic sense of honor. Though he comes of a wealthy family, his fortune has been rapidly declining, but toward the end of his days he recovers some of it through an inheritance. Don Lope has elevated moral standards in unusual combination. He is a rake, but he believes it wrong to seduce the wife of a friend or a pure girl. He scorns the Church, hates bigotry. He is against the police because it stands for power, while he is always on the side of its victims, the weak. He is a duelist, and something of a "Socialist." But the drive of his sensuality leads him to make love to his ward, Tristana, a beautiful young girl and a virgin. Yet he suffers very little sense of guilt because of this. He considers himself to be her "father" and her "husband," though he does not offer to marry her.

Tristana herself is hardly a simple person. She submits to Don Lope because she has been trained in obedience. When he kisses her for the first time in passionate embrace she does not resist but giggles in surprise. But, while submissive, she hates the old gent who, because of his intense sexuality, is menacingly jealous. She realizes the extent of her abhorrence when she meets Horacio, a young artist from Barcelona, to whom she gives herself. On this affair being discovered, she defies Don Lope who ineffectually challenges his rival to a duel. Tristana leaves Don Lope and goes off with Horacio to Barcelona.

Three years later the artist comes to tell Don Lope that Tristana is terribly ill and wants to come back to his house. Tristana has refused to marry her lover, perhaps because Don Lope has so often repeated that wedding ties are a bondage. It is to be noted that when Tristana is resting at Don Lope's place, she tells Horacio that if he really loved her he would not have consented to bring her to Don Lope's home—nor would Don Lope have acted in like manner under similar circumstances.

Tristana has to undergo the amputation of a leg. She occupies herself by playing a piano Don Lope has bought her. She now moves about on crutches or on an artificial leg. She has become "correct" and hard. She finally agrees to marry Don Lope; when he wishes to sleep with her on their wedding night she ridicules him for it. Still she satisfies a deaf mute boy's lust for her by exposing her bosom to him—at a distance. When Don Lope has a heart attack, he

THE DROWNED

They have sunk out of sight
through the helpless rescues
of our cries
pulling our words down with them
like bright colored scarves.
So we come to the edge of our lives.
All of us have forgotten
how to swim.

When they surface again
years or perhaps only days later,
we will have gone from the edge
of their deaths.
The beach toward which
they pull themselves
will be deserted.
They will walk there and run
there again.
They may even find each other there.
And no one will see them.

Greg Kuzma

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bids Tristana to call a doctor; she only pretends to do so and the old man dies.

Why, one asks oneself, does Buñuel resort to the odd turn of the story—the crippling of Tristana and the various distortions of her later behavior? Must Tristana and the others suffer for their sins, which result from the freedom of their natural but perhaps excessive concupiscence? One cannot tell, but I suspect that despite Buñuel's intense anticlericalism, the residue of his original Catholicism remains implanted in him.

Unabated desire, raw sexuality, though inevitable in nature, poisons the blood. This is tragic because of the inexorability of the impulse, the ineluctability of its consequences. We may deny or dislike this pattern of conscience; it is extremely Spanish and, contrary to the power of his own rationalism, it seems to be very much part of Buñuel.

What is important in this instance is that it is revealed without preachment or explicit doctrine but with pictorial eloquence, emotional reserve, high-born dignity. And, don't be shocked at my saying this: there may be some truth, anyhow *a* truth in Buñuel's view. We always pay a price, in disappointment or pain, for whatever is in us, even when it is not evil. □

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Being in San Francisco not long ago, and feeling, as I often do, that something was lacking in the American theatre as usually constituted, I decided that it was time once again to check out the theatre of revolution, as exemplified by the San Francisco Mime Troupe. I wanted to see if the Mime Troupe, America's most venerable guerrilla theatre, looked to be offering any viable alternative to bourgeois theatre, or at least a few useful lessons and examples. Lessons and examples I certainly found; the Mime Troupe knows what it's doing and knows how to do it, qualities very rarely to be detected in the American theatre this side of David Merrick. But the troupe's work raises some disturbing questions for anyone not yet convinced that skepticism and the awareness of complexity are dispensable bourgeois luxuries.

I caught up with the Mime Troupe one sunny morning in a small park in San Francisco's North Beach, where they had set up their portable stage on the grass. Just at noon, the troupe's Gorilla Marching Band, gaily costumed, struck up *Be Kind to Your Web-Footed Friends* with drum, brass and cymbals. It wasn't, by the highest musical standards, a very good band, but it had plenty of spirit. After the band had taken its bow, the feature presentation was announced: "Forty-five minutes of educational, artistic, filthy puppet show." But it wasn't a puppet show in the conventional sense; it was more a short revue. There were three fifteen-minute sketches—one about BART (the Bay Area subway system, now being built), one about the telephone company, and one about pollution—employing live actors, puppets and whatever else came to hand.

The Mime Troupe uses the techniques and the ambience of old-fashioned popular theatre; its informality, mobility and rough high spirits recall all the ragged troupers throughout history who barnstormed from town to town with their slapsticks and their crude stages and their homemade costumes and their good strong lungs. But for the Mime Troupe, theatre is a means, not an end: "We are committed," they insist, "to change, not art."

The flier that they hand out says a lot:

> The Mime Troupe has existed in one form or another since 1959. Free *commedia dell'arte* and Peking Opera in the parks, tours of colleges during the winter, a Minstrel Show, cheerleading at selected riots. Since 1968, gutter puppets, actos, crankies, flippies, Gorilla Band, agit-prop theatre, and this sum-

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mer a melodrama entitled *The Independent Female,* or *A Man Has His Pride,* as well as children's theatre. . . . Through theatre we seek to unite all people against a system of profit and racism which exploits the earth and the people. . . . We can only continue to bring the truth to Bay Area parks and American cities about ecology, the draft, *Los Siete,* corporate conspiracy, government bureaucracy, academic delinquency, liberal hypocrisy, progress, and the power of the people with your donations.

Mostly, the Mime Troupe preaches to the converted. The stores in North Beach display signs, distributed by the North Beach Lions Club, saying: "This is our flag—be proud of it"; but the Mime Troupe probably wouldn't know how to talk to the North Beach Lions Club even if it got the chance. At the show I saw, there were a lot of pre-teen-age neighborhood kids, black, white and yellow, but otherwise the audience was made up mostly of young white people in their 20s who were, at the least, not unsympathetic to the radical point of view. When one of the performers said, apropos of I forget what, "They are imperialist, racist, sexist dogs and we should screw them whenever we can," there was a cry of "Right on!"—and an audience that knows how to say "Right on!" at the right time is half-radicalized already.

But even the converted can usefully be preached to, as the Christian church has been aware for many centuries. What struck me particularly about the Mime Troupe is that it really knows just whom it's talking to, and what it's trying to say. It is addressing radicals, giving them ideas and information that will help them to be more ardent and more effective radicals.

The spectator can read in the *Berkeley Tribe,* or even the *San Francisco Chronicle,* about the arrest of the seven Latinos known as *Los Siete de la Raza*; then he is ready for the Mime Troupe sketch connecting the arrest with an attempt to clear Latinos out of the Mission District so that high-rise apartments for executives can be put up there, and connecting this attempt, in turn, with the construction of BART. The sketch is played against the background of a large, wide strip of paper that rolls off one roller onto another, producing cartoon pictures ("crankies") to illustrate the dialogue; when somebody says, for instance, that Latinos are employed by BART in responsible positions, there is a picture of a man cleaning a toilet. Not subtle, but it gets a laugh, and it also gets the point across very clearly. I was impressed by the *immediacy* of the thing, its instant, even obvious, connection with the daily concerns of the spectators. Where in New York would you find a theatre concerned with William J. Ronan, a more inviting target than BART will ever be?

"Built, written, and mounted by members of the Troupe," says the flier, "the 'puppet and band' pieces focus on and analyze specific issues. Their purpose is to provide simple, radical solutions for current conditions in America." Thus the Mime Troupe not only makes jokes about the telephone company but offers practical advice on how to retaliate. You too can help ball up the phone company's operations by charging long-distance calls to large corporations; the telephone credit-card number of the Bank of America is carefully announced from the stage. It is all disarmingly direct and sensible, assuming that you accept the radical premise that since the corporations are stealing from us, it is only right that we should steal a little back. And all this useful consumer information is presented with infectious good cheer: the sketch ends with a jolly jingle, sung to the tune of the *Yellow Submarine*: "Call your friends on the People's Telephone, People's Telephone, People's Telephone."

It is hard to see exactly how this sort of thing is going to bring the American Fascist beast to its knees but, after all, you never know; to get people to act, even in a small way, on radical premises, to get them to feel the sense of freedom that can come from the belief that the System is your enemy—this is at least a beginning. And the theatre in this country is so weak, so marginal, so without impact, that it is a pleasure to see somebody making a serious try at using it for something, even if you have severe doubts about the purpose for which it is being used. It suggests that the theatre *can* be useful.

What is disturbing about the Mime Troupe is what is disturbing about the American radical movement in general. Radicalism has its own orthodoxy, which the Mime Troupe seems to have adopted without question. It scarcely seeks to show that the System is guilty; it *assumes* that the System is guilty, and goes on from there. It tells you how to screw the phone company, but not why you should screw the phone company. It is at this point that preaching to the converted becomes a limitation.

In the last sketch, a sort of comic-book parody, "Miss World" is dying, and turns to "Eco-Man" for help. Eco-Man appeals to Government, Business and Science, all three of whom are played by the same actor, and all three of whom turn out to be hypocritical villains. (Science offers population control as a solution, but Eco-Man rejects this as "genocide," thus giving further currency to the finest flower of radical paranoia.) Disillusioned, Eco-Man and Miss World decide that only revolution will save her. At the end, the actor who plays all the villains chimes in with the question that is always asked of those who want to overthrow the System: "What are you going to replace it with?" This question has become a cliché, and radicals must find it extremely annoying to be asked it all the time; but it is a crucial question all the same. However, in the Mime Troupe's sketch, Miss World and Eco-Man turn on the unfortunate questioner and beat him up. It's only a show, of course, not a real beating-up—but the purpose of the show, remember, "is to provide simple, radical solutions to current problems in America." This, evidently, is the simple, radical solution to the problem of the inconvenient questioner. It is not a good sign as regards the Mime Troupe, or radical theatre in general, or, for that matter, the whole radical movement in this country, which has already begun, in a few cases at least, to do in grim earnest what the Mime Troupe is doing in jest.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1362

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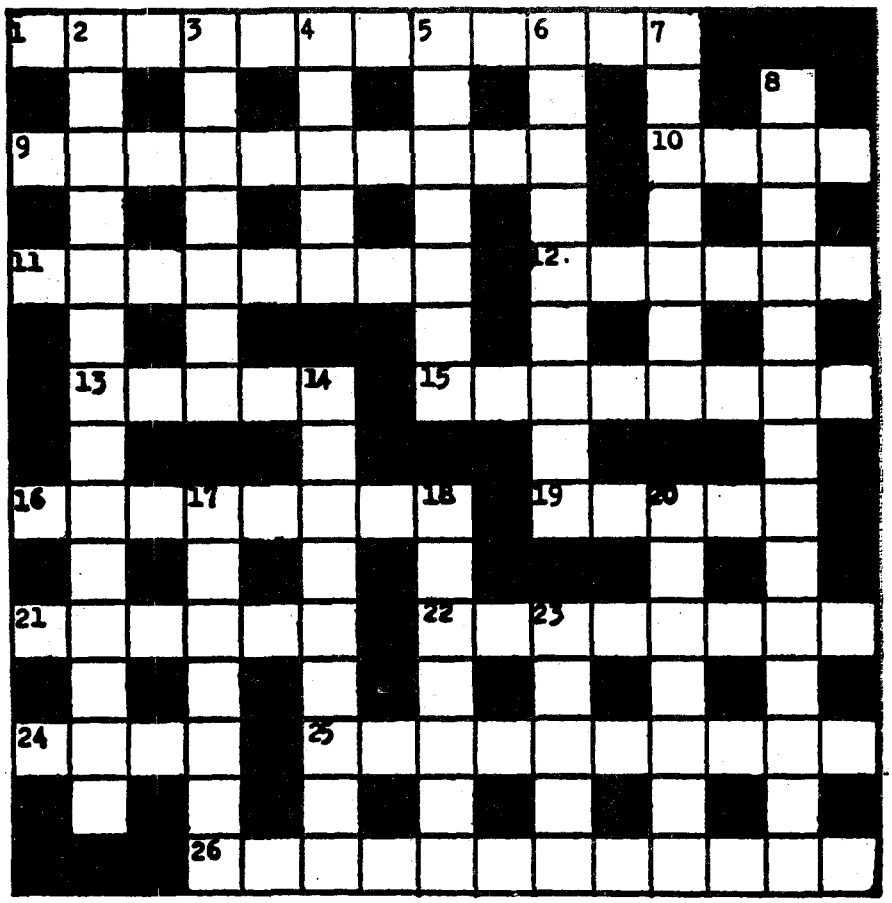

ACROSS

1 Not a true account suggesting an expression of Pooh? (4-5, 3)
9 Not the plan that is arranged for running, riding, swimming, fencing and shooting. (10)
10 Part of the tuition, in case of the needleworker. (4)
11 Perhaps stops her making movements in the chorus. (8)
12 and 13 A fair dancer, but might not seem so small to the Israelis. (6,5)
15 Its every upheaval implies rigor. (8)
16 Papageno might have used it—it's catchy enough! (8)
19 We and an Indian official could easily make it. (5)
21 Raised the lower corners, as each number in this puzzle should properly be. (6)
22 Manipulate the next sore muscle that stretches a limb! (8)
24 As a base for culture, it brings back traditional Hindu music. (4)
25 One might find such people trying. (10)
26 Traditionally a good scout might rely on it. (12)

DOWN

2 One who is expert in it might put you to sleep. (14)
3 The capacity of a system to change offers little work in one registered for the competition. (7)
4 Occasionally dropped by some, or added on first, but it's a small craving for something. (5)
5 Mistakenly listens for what the military man sometimes does. (7)
6 Have a desire to go with Satan's get-up? (Just like the old man!) (4-5)
7 One might be choosy concerning the party. (7)
8 Notices here something that might come out of the barrel goes on top of marine motors. (8,6)
14 The sort of rider that proves it only shows? (5-4)
17 Might be hitched up by fall, with only one flower. (7)
18 She poses no alternative to 7—taking a god instead. (7)
20 Comes first, not rising like a statesman, perhaps. (7)
23 Between Olympus and Ossa. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1361

ACROSS: 1 Medicare; 5 Champs; 10 Safaris; 11 Revenge; 12 Besom; 13 Overreact; 14 Cubit; 16 Designed; 19 and 22 Educated guess; 24 Up and away; 26 Taste; 28 Angrier; 29 Icebags; 30 Dreads; 31 Censored. DOWN: 1 Mossback; 2 Doffs; 3 Chromatic; 4 Respond; 6 Hover; 7 Manganese; 8 Sheets; 9 Breeds; 15 Bedraggle; 17 Gogetters; 18 Aspersed; 20 Towers; 21 Daytime; 23 and 25 Cut and dried; 27 Stair.

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